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MEMORIES AND STUDIES

OF

WAR AND PEACE

BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

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CONTENTS

OF VOLUME II.

		Page
I.		
Pretty Maritza of Tirnova	. . . . .	7
II.		
The Death of the Prince Imperial	. . . . .	29
III.		
War Correspondence as a fine Art	. . . . .	50
IV.		
The Future of the Wounded in War	. . . . .	86
V.		
A Hill Story	. . . . .	108
VI.		
My Servants on Campaign	. . . . .	123

VII.

Page

Distinguished Conduct in the Field 148

VIII.

On the old War-Path 164

IX.

Soldiers' Wives 185

X.

An Honest-born Boy 203

XI.

Soldiers I have known 214

MEMORIES AND STUDIES
OF
WAR AND PEACE.

I.

PRETTY MARITZA OF TIRNOVA.

I AM well aware that in giving the above heading to this chapter I am exposing myself to scorn, obloquy, and contumely. Throughout life I have consistently tried to be a man of truth; but I am mournfully conscious that this attribute will now be strenuously denied me. "To speak of a pretty Bulgarian woman," I hear Mr. Frederick Boyle assert in his mild yet direct manner, "is to enunciate a contradiction in terms." Mr. Beatty-Kingston, a judge of the sex, will probably formulate the axiom that "it is not in the nature of things that there can be a pretty Bulgarian woman." I am with both those gentlemen to a modified extent; physical repulsiveness is the rule as regards the female Bulgarian: but there never was a rule without at least one exception. So far as my experience goes, Maritza of Tirnova was

the unique exception. Some people may say that since she was simply not so grim as were her fellow-country-women, I over-estimate her attractions in describing her as "pretty;" but this I do not conceive to be the case. For I have a constitutional dislike to a pretty woman, although my impartiality compels me to acknowledge her beauty. I have never known a pretty woman who was not impertinently conscious of her charms, and who did not conduct herself as if she herself had some meritorious share in the construction of herself as a thing of beauty, instead of being, as a matter of fact, wholly unconsidered and unconsulted in that operation. That this illogical self-consciousness extends beyond the sphere of sophisticated and artificial society, was exemplified somewhat vividly in the case of the fair Maritza of Tirnova. She was a finished coquette, and no spoiled beauty of the season could be saucier. When I met her I was—well, not to say old: the proper expression, perhaps, would be—in my mature prime, with a distinct sprinkling of grey in my hyacinthine locks. I ventured to make a few flattering remarks to this flower of a primitive semi-civilisation. She laughed, made a *mou,* and cheerfully suggested that I should go and make love to her mother, a portly matron of an advanced age; she herself meanwhile renewing her flirtation with Villiers, who at that stage of his career was still young and beautiful. I dispassionately cite this little episode to vindicate my impartiality, notwithstanding the young woman's melancholy lack of appreciation

of my merits, in ascribing to her the epithet of the "pretty Maritza."

It was not to make the acquaintance of the young lady in question that we had penetrated into the bowels of the ugly and squalid Bulgaria—that game, even to the more youthful Villiers, would have been scarcely worth the candle. The fact was that we were with the Russian army which crossed the Danube in the end of June, 1877. We had been with gallant old Yolchine's stout soldiers of the Volhynia and Minsk regiments when in the sullen darkness of the early morning of the 27th, they had crossed the Danube in the pontoon boats and had fallen upon the Turkish detachment at the Tekir-Dere. A few days later the pontoon bridge was completed, and there crossed into Bulgaria the column, 18,000 strong of all arms, at the head of which Gourko was to penetrate into the Balkans and take in reverse the Turkish garrison in the Passes. Gourko pushed on ahead of his infantry with his two cavalry brigades, one of dragoons commanded by Prince Eugene of Leuchtenberg, and one of hussars commanded by the late Duke (Nicholas) of Leuchtenberg, both near relatives of the Czar. The first three days' march was over a bare, rolling country studded with villages and farms; on the morning of the 4th of July we were at the mouth of the Zavada gorge in the trough of which flows the Jantra, skirted by the road which leads up to the irregular precipice-fringed mass of rock on which Tirnova is built.

Turkish troops were reported still in possession of the town, but Gourko drove them away with insignificant loss and we entered the same afternoon. Tirnova is perched on a veritable eyrie, the rock summit having just space for a cramped market-place and a tortuous narrow street, flanked by tall, quaint-fronted wooden houses with projecting balconies and a continuous arcade over the side-walks. MacGahan had been in Tirnova in the previous summer during his "atrocities" investigations, and had then been the guest of Maritza and her mother, to whose domicile we were all now heartily welcomed. Ascending to the first floor—there was a shop on the street level—we found ourselves in a spacious lofty room, with a divan along all the four sides; the floor was covered with fine old Eastern rugs and in one corner was the shrine or *ikon* with a lamp burning in front of it.

We were well fed, our meal being served on a round table about a foot high, around which we lay or squatted on the rugs; Maritza sang to us and played on an instrument whose name I did not know, making eyes at Villiers all the time, and taking occasion to wound my *amour propre* in the manner already alluded to—a snub which afforded infinite amusement to MacGahan, who was a genial cynic in his easy-going way.

Next morning Gourko's hussar brigade came prancing through the town, bands playing, colours flying, swords at the "carry," Prince Eugene curvetting at the head of his command, and every officer and every

trooper making the most of himself in the eyes of the "good brothers" who were being rescued from Turkish tyranny. From the Maritza balcony we were all looking down on the martial scene, Maritza in raptures over the brave Russian soldiers, kissing her hand to the officers whom she had already distinguished from the troopers, and babbling "Welcome, brothers!" in her pretty lisping accent. Villiers, quite out of it, was salving his wounds by assiduous sketching, and MacGahan was exchanging greetings with his many friends in the brigade. Suddenly MacGahan gave a great shout of astonishment, bolted down into the street, and was presently seen to be dragging a hussar officer off his horse by main force. This feat accomplished, the pair were visibly hugging each other with great warmth. A word to the colonel, a direction to a trooper to look after the officer's horse; and then MacGahan led his friend upstairs into the *salon* of the Maritza mansion and introduced the latter to us all.

The hussar officer was certainly one of the handsomest men I have ever seen—tall, square-shouldered, clean-flanked, with a small well-poised head, regular features, laughing blue eyes, and a smile of singular winsomeness. Closer inspection revealed lines which told of dissipation and a wild reckless life, but somehow those tell-tale tokens gave the man a certain added attractiveness. It appeared that MacGahan and this Russian officer, whose name was Andreiovich, had been close comrades in the Khivan campaign of 1873. His

career had been a strange one—or, rather, it would have been so in any other service than the Russian. Of a noble family, he had begun his military life in the Guards. Three years of St. Petersburg dissipation saw him "stone-broke" and, as the custom is in respect of Guard officers who have "expended" themselves, he was sent to serve in the Army of Asia. For some misconduct he had been reduced to the ranks, but had retrieved his position by an act of signal valour in the Khivan campaign; and later he had been permitted to return to Europe and take service in the hussar regiment in which he now commanded a troop.

Seated side by side on the divan MacGahan and the officer affectionately recalled many reminiscences of their Khivan intimacy; but I noticed that the subject by no means wholly engrossed the sprightly Russian. Maritza sat by her musical instrument, occasionally playing a note, and ignoring the dashing soldier with a profound intensity that was clearly over-acted. His eyes, on the contrary, were continually wandering in the direction of the artless young coquette; and when MacGahan left him to pay a visit to General Gourko, the captain opened the trenches with a gay *insouciance* to which Maritza could not help but respond. There was every indication in the earlier stages of the affair that the gallant captain regarded himself as irresistible, and assumed that his success would be of the *veni, vidi, vici* kind. Maritza, it is true, had little knowledge of the world, but nature had bestowed on her a gift

that was a full equivalent. She parried the thrusts of the captain with a demure ingenuousness that irritated him while inspiring him with additional ardour; she affected not to understand the meaning of his impassioned protestations; and on the third day drove him all but frantic by informing him in the most innocent manner, that a captain of the Leuchtenberg dragoons who was to remain in Tirnova while Gourko's expedition crossed the Balkans, had been billeted on her mother. The same evening the dragoon captain took up his quarters; and, if appearances went for anything, promptly fell in love with Maritza. As the latest arrival he rather scored off poor Andreiovich, who was none the happier that he had to leave next morning the field of love for quite another field. But he did not depart utterly disconsolate; Maritza was kind to him as he took his farewell on the staircase; and I came to the belief that the little coquette really did care for the handsome hussar.

Meanwhile the wooden but enamoured dragoon captain did not have things all his own way. Gourko's people marched away on the morning of the 12th; on the afternoon of the same day there arrived in Tirnova the Grand Duke Nicholas, the commander-in-chief of the army, with a great staff of princes and nobles. His reception in the ancient capital was full of character and enthusiasm. At Zavada, across the mouth of the gorge leading up to the town, a picturesque arch had been constructed with branches of trees under which as they

passed, the soldiers uncovered without orders to the great delight of the Bulgarians. During the four hundred years of the Turkish supremacy no Christian bell had chimed throughout all the land, but the old bells had been hidden away until the day of emancipation should come; and now from the two high-perched monasteries overhanging the gorge came the blithe carillon to the sound of which the venerable priests came down to meet the brother of the Czar with banners and pictures and with a large old Bible in the now obsolete Sclavonic which the soldiers kissed as they passed. At the chief entrance of the town the Grand Duke was met by robed priests chanting prayers, and by great crowds of townsfolk. After a short service in the quaint old Byzantine church he passed through the streets preceded by a crowd of girls singing. Flowers and wreaths rained down upon him from the windows—Maritza extremely active in this department—and the town rang with joy and excitement.

The Grand Duke was quartered in the Konak, which had been somewhat hurriedly evacuated by the Turkish Governor a few days previously; but for a large proportion of his Highness's staff billets had to be found in the houses of the inhabitants. They were delighted to show hospitality to the Russian officers. Maritza's mother received a young gentleman of distinction—if my recollection serves me right—none other than the Prince Alexander of Battenberg whom the world later knew as Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and

who was more recently known under the title of Count Hartenau. Maritza would not have been true to herself if she had not done her level best to fascinate this young pseudo-Serenity, but his Highness was not found to be more than civilly susceptible. What might have happened if the stay in Tirnova of the headquarter staff had been prolonged, it is impossible to guess. Maritza might have become for a time the foremost Bulgarian of her sex, since subsequent events proved that the Prince did not regard rank in a wife as indispensable. But he was at the mercy of Maritza only for a few days; and when he went away with his chief she had only the dragoon captain to operate upon. This officer was not so impetuous as his hussar rival; he knew how to dissemble his love, and Maritza by no means had it all her own way with him.

Piqued by the dragoon's strategic reserve Maritza exerted all her blandishments, and the captain thawed by degrees until at length he melted altogether. It was then Maritza's turn to hold off, the more so that she really cared nothing for the dragoon officer and merely was amusing herself *pour passer le temps*. Early in August Andreiovich returned to Tirnova, after sharing in Gourko's wonderful and adventurous raid to the southward of the Balkans. I had ridden out to Nikup to meet the returning squadrons which MacGahan had accompanied, and to hear the detailed account of their adventures. We spent the night in that village gossiping with the returned wanderers. Andreiovich had won

the St. George's Cross. He had ascended the Schipka from the south, had been in the fire treacherously given by the Turks after they had displayed the white flag, and on the following day had seen the headless Russian corpses strewn over the slope before the abandoned Russian camp, and the Russian heads which in wanton devilry the Turks had severed from the bodies and piled in a symmetrical heap with the faces outward. He had ridden with his squadron southward from Eski Zagra, crossed the Maritza River at Güterbü, and destroyed a section of the Adrianople and Philippopolis Railway; and when Sulieman Pasha suddenly surrounded Prince Leuchtenberg in Eski Zagra, he had gained distinction by his cool daring in the cavalry charge which cut through the Turks' environment of that town, and enabled the Russian horsemen to relieve the pressure on Gourko's right wing. He had shared the miseries of the retreat through the Dalboka and Hankioi Passes, during which the wounded died like flies from jolting and exposure and hale men succumbed from fatigue and sunstroke.

It was not he, the reader may be sure, who told us all those exploits of the young hussar; indeed, during the recital he evinced considerable impatience, and on the first available opportunity he asked me to take a stroll with him in the twilight. He wanted to know all about Maritza, and what were the relations between her and Sablanoff—that I should have mentioned earlier, was the name of the dragoon captain. I was strictly

non-committal; Andreiovich became huffed, and we parted. I rejoined the other officers and saw no more of him that night.

Next morning early I rode towards Tirnova, and a mile outside came on Andreiovich sitting on horseback under a tree, evidently waiting for me. A glance at his face showed me that he was in a state of excitement. He came at me as if he intended to ride me down, roaring: "That pig! That what you call low cad!" I refused to speak to him until he moderated his tone, and he became quieter. "When I left you last evening," said he, "I rode into Tirnova, gave up my horse, and went straight to Maritza's house. I entered without warning, and lo! Maritza and Sablanoff sat together on the divan, abominably close, my friend, and I believe his arm was round her waist! The interloping dog knew well my prior intentions, and it was mean beyond conception on his part to take advantage of a brother officer when absent on service in the field. I told him so with great fervour and directness, and then I called him a *cochon,* pulled his nose, and cut him across the shoulders with my riding-whip. Of course he must fight, and, to do him justice as a Russian officer, I do not for a moment suppose that he can have any wish to evade fighting."

Now the regulations of the Russian military service prohibit duelling by officers, but it is nevertheless winked at so long as the *casus belli* is not of a disreputable character; only under no conditions are officers allowed

to act as seconds. Andreiovich requisitioned my services in this capacity, and I reluctantly consented to act on his behalf; a German ex-officer who was corresponding for a Berlin paper, agreed to be the second of the dragoon captain. The latter, in his cool, sententious way, was extremely bloodthirsty. He demanded that the duel should be fought with revolvers, the firing to be maintained until results occurred or the weapons be emptied. The hussar, who as the challenged had the choice of weapons, fell in warmly with the views of his antagonist in the matter of weapons, and was resolute that the duel should be *à outrance*. The German ex-officer turned out a vicarious fire-eater; and my task, that of modifying the ferocity of the combat, was no easy one. At length, by arguing that it beseemed cavalry officers to fight with the weapon of that service to which they belonged, I succeeded in bringing it about that the duel should be fought with sabres, and hoped that the worst that would happen would be a flesh wound or two. The meeting took place in a wood close to Tirnova one morning soon after daybreak. Andreiovich pushed the attack from the first, Sablanoff, who was the cooler man and the better swordsman, standing on the defensive. But it happened that once the latter missed his guard, and the nimble hussar promptly giving point ran his sabre through the dragoon's left shoulder so forcibly that a foot of the weapon came out behind.

Mischief would have come of it had we carried

Sablanoff to the military hospital; and we had no alternative but to bring him to his billet in the Maison Maritza and have him seen to there by the surgeon of his regiment, who might be trusted to report him ill of some other malady than a sabre-thrust. Maritza had known nothing of the duel before its occurrence; and when she had to be told of it as the wounded man was being brought into the house, she showed truer and deeper feeling than I had given her credit for possessing. Coquette though she was the girl had a heart, and was honestly shocked that she should have been the cause of the shedding of blood. Her repentance was most genuine. She nursed the wounded Sablanoff with unremitting care. When Andreiovich came to see her the day after the duel, and reproached her—not very severely—for having caused it, she owned her fault with many tears, entreated his forgiveness, confessed that all her heart belonged to him, and definitely plighted her troth to the handsome hussar. He would fain have perpetrated matrimony then and there, so ardent were his emotions; but Maritza, although in love, had not wholly taken leave of her senses, and prevailed on him to wait until the war was over.

Such renown had Andreiovich earned in the Gourko expedition that on his return to Tirnova, stout old General Radetsky the commander of the 8th Army Corps, appointed him to his staff in the capacity of aide-de-camp. During the quiet days in Tirnova the duties of that billet were very light, and the hussar was

free to spend most of his time in the society of his pretty Maritza. But this halcyon interval of love-making was to be of short duration. About the middle of August there came tidings to Radetsky that Sulieman's Turkish army some 50,000 strong, was threatening the Balkan passes from the south. General Darozinski with but some 5,000 men was holding the Schipka; to strengthen him Radetsky ordered a regiment from Selvi, commanded by the Colonel Stolietoff who a year later was the head of the Russian Mission to Cabul which caused the Afghan war of 1878-79. Radetsky himself, thinking the Elena Pass in greatest danger, hurried thither with a brigade; but presently learned it was the Schipka against which the Turks were concentrating, and therefore made for that position with all the speed he could compass. No man was ever nearer being too late than was he when he climbed the Schipka on the afternoon of August 23rd. For three long days 40,000 Turks with a powerful artillery had been continually assailing the gallant handful commanded by Darozinski and Stolietoff. As the sun was sinking, the Turks had so wound round both the Russian flanks that the Moslem soldiery were on the point of joining hands in the Russian rear.

A reinforcement opportunely arrived, consisting of a battalion of riflemen brought up on Cossack horses by Radetsky himself, who, having saved the day and the position, was now marching up the road with his staff at his back, and running the triple gauntlet of the

Turkish fire to join the two commanders on the peak close to the battery of the first position. But one member of the general's staff was not following him. In front of the sombre green line of riflemen down the glen I marked a figure in blue uniform, and when the detachment returned from its successful dash, there came marching on its flank that extremely reckless warrior, Captain Andreiovich. He said the general had given him permission to take part in the lively affair, but—well, I shall not pursue the subject.

Of the following day, the 24th of August, I never think without a shudder. The Russian position was on a long serpentine ridge along the top of which ran the road, spreading out somewhat toward the summit where was the earthwork known as Fort St. Nicholas. On each side of this ridge there was a deep depression, beyond which, both right and left of the central ridge, stretched a parallel elevation held by the Turks, whose fire commanded and swept the whole length of the Russian position. There was no spot on the central ridge which was not exposed to fire. At the bandaging place men already wounded were killed; the surgeons were shot in the midst of their ministrations to the wounded. The cooks were struck down as they tended the soup-kettles far to the rear. General Darozinski was killed while resting on what was thought the shelter of a reverse slope. General Petroceni was slain away back among the reserves. General Dragomiroff was wounded when on the glacis of St. Nicholas, and among

those who took part in carrying that gallant officer to the hut which did duty as a field hospital, only two (of whom I was one) escaped injury from bullet fire. The Turks made attack after attack with extraordinary dash and resolution; but the Russian resistance was stubborn, and as the day began to wane Radetsky believed that the time had come for him to take the offensive. The Tirailleurs and the Brianski regiment were thrust down into the deep wooded hollow intervening between the Russian ridge and the steep slope leading up to the "Woody Mountain" on which the Turks had a battery and redoubt. For hours the struggle swayed to and fro down there among the trees. There is something exceptionally gruesome about a fight in a wood. You can see nought save an occasional glimpse of dark colour among the foliage, and the white clouds of smoke rising above it like soap-bubbles. Hoarse shouts and shrill cries come back on the wind from out the mysterious inferno. Wounded men come staggering out from among the swarthy trunks, and collapse in a heap or crawl backwards to the ambulance men.

To help the riflemen and Brianskis, the two battalions of the Jitomer regiment were summoned from their shelter in the ditch of St. Nicholas Fort, and went away to the right almost along the sky line. Covered by artillery fire they made good progress for a while, but then came to a standstill. The battalions had left two companies behind to act as supports. Radetsky took one company, his chief-of-staff another, and led them

on to the fight. His staff accompanied the brave old chief. I shook hands with Andreiovich, as with a smile in his eye and a cigarette between his lips he lingered one moment to give me a message in case he should not come back.

And he did not come back. I watched him till the handful of reinforcements entered the wood, and then I could see nothing more. But the Jitomers did not succeed, although they lost enormously in the stubbornly-made attempt. They came back a good deal broken up, with heavy loss of officers, and nobody could tell when or how Andreiovich had gone down. For my own part I do not hesitate to admit that I fervently hoped my poor friend had been shot dead; for the warfare in which the Russians were engaged had a feature of savagery which marked the perpetrators as unworthy to rank among civilised nations. The Turks invariably slaughtered their wounded antagonists found by them on the field, and the butchery was freely accompanied by aggravations of barbarity and torture such as cannot be described. In common with all Russian officers, Andreiovich carried a dagger with which to take his own life in case of being wounded and left without a chance of removal by the Russian Krankenträger.

Radetsky, although he had not entirely made good the position, had so prospered that when leaving him in the evening I ventured to express my belief that he need not fear dislodgment. "With God's help," said

the old warrior, "I shall hold on here till I am ordered away."

Early next morning I was in the Imperial headquarters at Gorni Studen, where, as the bearer of the latest intelligence, I was called on to report the same to the Tzar. Thence I hurried to the telegraph office at Bucharest, and, my telegram despatched, immediately began my return journey towards the Schipka.

On my way down therefrom I had made a short détour into Tirnova on the melancholy errand of breaking to poor Maritza the sad tidings regarding her betrothed. Minutes were of importance to me, and I had left the poor girl in a dead faint in her mother's arms. On my return I found no Maritza in the Tirnova house. Her mother told me sadly that on the morning after my night visit she had started for the Schipka, refusing the companionship of the mother, because of the certain absence of such comfort as the old lady was accustomed to.

Returning to the Schipka on the fifth day after having quitted it, I found Radetsky drinking tea, seated in a bower of leaves perched on the summit of the peak. "Here I am," said he, "as I told you I should be; and there are no bullets flying now. Berdek, the Woody Mountain, and the Bald Mountain are now clear of Turks; they have got their bellyful of fighting, and are now licking their wounds down below in the valley villages."

You could still get shot on the outlying spurs if you wanted to very badly, for occasional Turks did continue to prowl; but the chief was substantially correct. It would have been pleasanter if he had employed burial parties a little more freely, but Radetsky was not a fastidious person. In the stone hut on the ridge which had been the field hospital, I found poor Maritza tending two soldiers so severely wounded that they could not be moved. She had in her possession her lover's uniform all torn and soiled with blood and clay. The sorry fragments had been found in a little hollow somewhat wide of the line of the charge, and there lay beside them a naked corpse whose state was such after three days' exposure to sun and weather, that no identification was possible. Maritza steadily refused to believe that the body was that of Andreiovich, but she was alone in her conviction; and indeed the name of Captain Michael Andreiovich of the 9th Hussars had been included among the "killed" in the supplement to General Radetsky's despatch.

I tried in vain to persuade Maritza to return with me to her mother. Her pretext for refusal was her duty to the two poor broken fellows whom she was nursing; but it was not difficult to perceive she still hoped against hope that her lover might yet turn up. The Gabrova woman who was sharing the nursing duty promised faithfully that as soon as the two wounded men were dead—they were beyond recovery—she herself would accompany Maritza down to Tirnova and

would not leave her till she was in her mother's arms. So I bade a sad farewell to the poor wan-faced girl, so changed from the still recent days of coquetry; and departed to another section of the theatre of war, where amid the carnage of Plevna I did not lose the memory of the tragedy now associated in my mind with the once gay Maritza.

It was in the Podo Mogosoi of Bucharest in the following February that, to my unutterable surprise, I met Maritza arm-in-arm with Andreiovich, he in civilian dress and walking very lame with the support of a stick.

"Yes," said Maritza, all her archness restored, "this fellow one morning last month coolly sauntered into our house, supported on crutch and staff and with one leg supported by a strap round his neck, condescended to kiss me, and then sat down and demanded vodki. Since then, I may inform you, I have amused myself by marrying him. I've told you all that is important; he must give himself the trouble of recounting the details." We went into Brofft's restaurant, and Andreiovich told his strange story:—

"During our attack on the Woody Mountain a Turk and I were at close quarters, when a bullet shattered my leg and I rolled into a hollow carrying along with me the Turk whom I killed with my dagger. Averting faintness by resorting to my flask, I first bandaged my leg; and hoping to escape the fate which so many of our poor wounded fellows incur, I tore off my uniform,

stripped the dead Turk, and contrived to work myself into his garments. All night I lay there uninterfered with, but suffering great agony. Early on the following morning there passed close to me, going to the front, a tall man in the dress of a Turkish officer. I was about to risk it and call to him, when he tripped over a root and as he recovered himself I distinctly heard him say 'Damn.' That satisfied me he was an Englishman, and I addressed him in your language. He was most kind. His name was Campbell, and he commanded a battalion in Sulieman's army.* He got a stretcher on which I was placed, Campbell's Turks, who carried me, believing that I was a wounded countryman. Campbell accompanied me down into Schipka village and handed me over to the care of the British surgeons of the Red Crescent organisation. Drs. Leslie, Hume, and Sandwith treated me with the greatest skill and assiduity, but months passed and I was still on my back. Sulieman marched westward about the New Year, leaving Vessil Pasha at and about the Schipka with some 40,000 men. You must have heard how Radetsky, Mirsky, and Skobeleff came wallowing through the ten-feet deep snow on the Schipka in January, and how Skobeleff, after a desperate struggle for the possession of the Shenova redoubts, received the surrender of Vessil and his whole

* He was a man of exceptional daring, who, having seen much service in many countries, was killed in the attack on Sekukuni's Mountain in South Africa, when in command of the Swazi contingent.

army. That evening I ceased to be a wounded Turk and became a lame Russian—good for no more soldiering, worse luck. When the track got beaten over the pass, I found a Turkish pony on which I rode into Gabrova and thence down the valley to Tirnova. Maritza didn't in the least expect to see me any more; but I will say this for her, that although that dragoon fellow was still wistfully promenading Tirnova, she never gave him the slightest encouragement. One fine morning she went to church with me and came out Madame Andreiovich; and now we are on our way to Russia, when I shall have to make things unpleasant for my father if he does not behave handsomely to us."

And so now there is not any more a "pretty Maritza" in Tirnova.

II.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

It was in Zululand, on the evening of June 1, 1879. A little group of us were at dinner in the tent of General Marshall, who commanded the cavalry brigade in the British army which was marching on Ulundi, King Cetewayo's royal kraal. The sun was just going down when Colonel Harrison, the quartermaster-general, put his head inside the tent door, and called aloud in a strange voice, "Good God! the Prince Imperial is killed!" Harrison, though stolid, sometimes jested, and for the moment this announcement was not taken seriously. Lord Downe, Marshall's aide-de-camp, threw a crust of bread at his head, and Herbert Stewart, then Marshall's brigade-major, afterwards killed during the desert march in the Soudan, laughed aloud.

But, sitting near the door, I discerned in the faint light of the dying day the horror in Harrison's face, and sprang to my feet instinctively. The news was only too fatally true; and when the dismal, broken story of the survivors of the party had been told, throughout the force there was a thrill of sorrow for the poor gallant lad, a burning sense of shame that he should have been so miserably left to his fate, and a

deep sympathy for the forlorn widow in England on whom fortune seemed to rejoice in heaping disaster on disaster, bereavement on bereavement.

I knew the Prince well. On the first two occasions I saw him it was through a binocular from a considerable distance. On August 2, 1870, the day on which the boy of fourteen in the words of his father "received his baptism of fire," I was watching from the drill-ground above Saarbrücken in company with the last remaining Prussian soldiers, the oncoming swarm-attack of Battaille's tirailleurs firing as they hurried across the plain. The tirailleurs had passed a little knoll which rose in the plain about midway between the Spicheren hill and where I stood, and presently it was crowned by two horsemen followed by a great staff. The glass told me that without a doubt the senior of the foremost horsemen was the Emperor Napoleon, and that the younger, shorter and slighter—a mere boy he looked—was the Prince Imperial, whom we knew to be with his father in the field.

A fortnight later, in the early morning of the 15th, the day before Mars-la-Tour when the German army was as yet only east and south of Metz, I accompanied a German horse-battery which, galloping up to within five hundred paces of the château of Longueville around which was a French camp of some size, opened fire on château and camp. After a few shells had been fired great confusion was observed about the château and in the camp, and I distinctly discerned the Emperor and

his son emerge from the building, mount, and gallop away, followed by suite and escort.

Years later in Zululand, when the day's work was done for both of us and the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt, the Prince was wont occasionally to gossip with me about those early days of the great war which we had witnessed from opposite sides, and he told me his experiences of the morning just mentioned. A crash awoke him with a start and he was sitting up in bed, bewildered, when his father entered with the exclamation "Up, Louis! up and dress! The German shells are crashing through the roofs." As the Prince looked out of the window while he was hurriedly dressing, he saw a shell fall and burst in a group of officers seated in the garden at breakfast, and when the smoke lifted three of them lay dead. That the story of his nerves having been shattered by the bullet-fire at Saarbrücken was untrue, was proved by an episode he related to me of that same morning an hour later. On the steep ascent of the *chaussée* up to Châtel the imperial party was wedged in the heart of a complete block of troops, waggons, and guns. A long delay seemed inevitable. But the lad had noticed a wayside gate whence a track led up through the vineyard. He followed it to the crest and marked its trend; then, riding back, he called aloud "This way, papa!" The Prince's side-track turned the block, and presently the party were in the new quarters in the house which is now the post-office of Gravelotte.

That excellent American publication "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia," errs for once in stating that after the downfall of the empire the Prince "escaped with his mother to England." He never saw his mother after leaving Paris for the seat of war until she came to him in Hastings after the revolution in Paris. When the shadows were darkening on MacMahon's ill-fated march, the Emperor sent his son away from the front; and the story of the vicissitudes and dangers the lad encountered before reaching England after Sedan would make of itself a long chapter.

When his parents settled at Chislehurst, the Prince, then in his fifteenth year, entered the Royal Academy at Woolwich to receive a scientific military education. He had not undergone the usual preparation, and he might have joined without the preliminary examination; but never then nor throughout the course would he accept any indulgence, and his "preliminary" was satisfactory in spite of his want of familiarity with the language. In the United States West Point affords the same instruction to all cadets alike, those who are most successful passing into the scientific branches; but in England the cadets for the Line are educated at Sandhurst, and the severer tuition of Woolwich is restricted to candidates for the engineer and artillery branches. The Prince took his chance with his comrades both at work and play. His mathematical instructor has stated that he had considerable powers, evincing an undoubtedly clear insight into the principles of the higher

mathematics; but he added that he often failed to bring out specifically his knowledge at examinations, owing to his imperfect grasp of the necessary formulæ and working details. Indeed, details wearied him, then and later. In Zululand he more than once told me that he "hated desk work;" and M. Deleage, his countryman and friend who accompanied the Zululand expedition, wrote that on the day before his death after he had left the staff office tent, "Lieutenant Carey found the Prince's work done with so much haste and inattention that he had to sit up all night correcting it." In spite of this defect in steady concentration at the end of his Woolwich course he passed seventh in a class of thirty-five, and had he gone into the English service he would have been entitled to choose between the engineers and artillery. He would have stood higher but that, curiously enough, he comparatively failed in French. He was an easy first in equitation. During his Woolwich career he won the love and respect of his comrades; his instructors spoke warmly of his modesty, conscientiousness, and uprightness, and pronounced him truthful and honourable in a high degree.

After leaving Woolwich he lived mostly with his widowed mother at Chislehurst, but travelled on the Continent occasionally, and mixed a good deal in London society where from time to time I met him. After he attained manhood it was understood that a marriage was projected between him and the Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's daughters, who

is now the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The attainment of his majority was made a great occasion by the Imperialist adherents, as a test of their adherence to a cause which they refused to consider lost. More than 10,000 Frenchmen of all ranks and classes congregated on Chislehurst Common that day. The tricolour waved along the route to the little Roman Catholic chapel on the outskirts of the quiet Kentish village; as the members of the Imperial family passed from Camden Place to the religious service every head was uncovered; and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from the ardent partisans, numbers of whom had already paid homage to the remains of their dead Emperor lying in the marble sarcophagus in front of the high altar of the chapel. Later in the day the large company of French people assembled in the park of Camden Place, in rear of the deputations from the different provinces of France, each deputation headed by a leader bearing the provincial banner. The Prince with his mother by his side stood forward; behind them the princes, nobles, and statesmen of the late empire, and many Imperialist ladies of rank. When the Duc de Padoue had finished reading a long address expressive of attachment and devotion, the young Prince spoke to his supporters with great dignity, earnestness, and modesty. I heard the final sentences of his speech, the manly tone of which I can never forget. "If the time should ever arrive when my countrymen shall honour me with a majority of the suffrages of the nation, I shall be ready to accept

with proud respect the decision of France. If for the eighth time the people pronounce in favour of the name of Napoleon, I am prepared to accept the responsibility imposed upon me by the vote of the nation." Once again, and only once, I heard the Prince speak in public. It was at the annual dinner of an institution known as the "Newspaper Press Fund." Lord Salisbury, one of the most brilliant speakers of our time, was in the chair. Cardinal Manning, the silver-tongued; Lord Wolseley, good speaker and brilliant commander; and Henry M. Stanley, fresh from "darkest Africa," were among the orators. But, quite apart from his position, the short address made by the Prince Imperial was unanimously regarded as the speech of the evening.

In features, with his long, oval face, black hair and eyes—attributes of neither of his parents, and his lean, shapely head, the Prince was a Spaniard of the Spaniards. One recognised in him no single characteristic of the Frenchman; he was a veritable hidalgo, with all the pride, the melancholy, the self-restraint yet ardour to shine, the courage trenching on an ostentatious recklessness, and indeed the childishness in trifles which marked that now all but extinct type. Whether there was in his veins a drop of the Bonapartist blood (remembering the suspicions of King Louis of Holland with regard to Hortense) is a problem now probably insoluble. Certainly neither he nor his father had any physical feature in common with the undoubted members of the race. The Montijos, although the house in its

latest developments had somewhat lost caste and had a bourgeois strain on the distaff side, were ancestrally of the bluest blood of Spain; and it has always been my idea that the Prince Imperial illustrated the theory of atavism by throwing back to the Guzmans, the Corderas or the Baros, all grand old Spanish families whose blood was in his veins. How strong was his self-restraint even in youth, an anecdote told in Miss Barlee's interesting book* of his Woolwich days may evidence. Hearing one day that a Frenchman was visiting the academy, he sent to say that he should be glad to see his countryman. The person, who as it happened was a bitter anti-Imperialist, was presented, and the Prince asked him from what part of France he came. The fellow, looking the youth straight in the face with a sarcastic smile, uttered the one word "Sedan," and grinningly waited for the effect of his brutality. The Prince flushed, and his eye kindled; then he conquered himself, and, quietly remarking, "That is a very pretty part of France," closed the interview with a bow.

I never saw dignity and self-control more finely manifested in union than when the lad, not yet seventeen, wearing a black cloak over which was the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, followed his father's coffin as chief mourner along the path lined by many thousand French sympathisers; and his demeanour was truly royal when later on that trying day the masses of

* "Life of the Prince Imperial," compiled by Helen Barlee. Griffith and Farran, London.

French artisans hailed him with shouts of "Vive Napoleon IV.!" He stopped the personal acclaim by saying: "My friends, I thank you; but your Emperor is dead. Let us join in the cry of 'Vive la France!'"—baring at the same time his head and leading off the cheering. His craving for effect curiously displayed itself during a parade in Scotland of a number of Clydesdale stallions, at which were present the Prince of Wales and a number of noblemen and gentlemen. One horse, which was plunging violently, was described as never having allowed a rider to remain on its back. At the word the Prince Imperial vaulted on to the bare back of the animal, mastered its efforts to dislodge him, and rode the conquered stallion round the arena amid loud applause.

The forced inaction of his life irked him intensely. His good sense and true patriotism induced him steadily to decline the urgency of young and ardent Imperialists, that he should disturb the peace of France either by intrigue or by more active efforts to restore the dynasty. It stung him to the quick that the scurrilous part of the French press taunted him with the quietness of his life, which it chose to attribute to cowardice and lack of enterprise. In Zululand he told me of a circumstance which I have nowhere seen mentioned, that a year before he had applied to the French Government for permission to join the French troops fighting in Tonquin; that MacMahon, who was then President, was in his favour; but that the Ministry refused the request. The

English war of 1879 in Zululand was his opportunity. His constant belief was that ten years would be the term of his exile. "Dix ans de patience, et après!" he used to mutter in his day-dreams. The ten years were nearly up. And what prestige would not accrue to him if he should have the good fortune to distinguish himself in the field, which he was resolved to do at any cost! The disaster of Isandlwana to retrieve which troops were being hurried out, and the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift, were lost opportunities at which he chafed. He felt that he was forfeiting chances which, taken advantage of, might have aided his progress to the Imperial throne. Determined to lose no more chances, he went to the British Commander-in-Chief and begged to be permitted to go on service to South Africa.

His attitude and yearnings were quite intelligible, and were in no sense blameworthy. He desired to further the means towards a specific and obvious end, if England only would give him the helping hand. But this ultimate aim of his being so evident, it was singularly improper and ill-judged on the part of the English authorities to give well-grounded umbrage to the friendly power across the Channel, by forwarding an enterprise the purpose of which was to help toward changing Republican France into Imperial France, and to contribute toward the elevation of this young man to the throne which his father had lost. The Commander-in-Chief had his scruples, for he is a man of some dis-

cretion; but they were overruled. And it was from Windsor, bidden God-speed by the Sovereign, that the Prince departed to embark. France sullenly watched his career in South Africa. Had it ended differently the mood would have become intensified. If it be asked why for the last sixteen years France has never for an hour worn a semblance of cordial accord with the insular power its neighbour, the answer is, that this attitude of chronic umbrage has one of its sources in the intrigue which sent the Prince Imperial to Zululand.

At the news of Isandlwana I had hurried from the Khyber Pass to South Africa, and the Prince had already joined the army when first I met him in May, 1879, at Sir Evelyn Wood's camp of Kambula, which he was visiting with Lord Chelmsford and the headquarters' staff. The Duke of Cambridge had specially confided him to his lordship's care. But poor Lord Chelmsford's nerve had been sore shaken by the tragedy of Isandlwana, after which he had begged to be relieved. Like Martha, he was careful and troubled about many things; his will-power was limp and fickle and the Prince was to him in the nature of a white elephant. The latter, for his part, was ardent for opportunities of adventurous enterprise, while the harassed Chelmsford had been bidden to drynurse him assiduously. The military arrangements were lax and the Prince had been able to share in several somewhat hazardous reconnaissances, in the course of which he

had displayed a rash bravery which disquieted the responsible leaders. After one of these scouting expeditions in which he actually had come to close quarters with a party of Zulus, and it was asserted had whetted his sword, he was said to have remarked naïvely:—"Such skirmishes suit my taste exactly, yet I should be au désespoir did I think I should be killed in one. In a great battle, if Providence so willed it, all well and good; but in a petty reconnaissance of this kind—ah! that would never do."

His penultimate reconnaissance was with a detachment of Frontier Light Horse under the command of Colonel Buller, V.C., now Sir Redvers Buller, Adjutant-General of the British Army. The Zulus gathered and a fight seemed impending, to the Prince's great joy; but they dispersed. A few, however, were seen skulking at a distance, and against them he rode at full gallop in a state of great excitement. He had to be supported, which occasioned inconvenience; during the night, which was bitterly cold and during which the Prince's excitement continued, he tramped up and down constantly, singing at intervals "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre" not wholly to the contentment of the phlegmatic Britons around him. Colonel Buller reported his inconvenient recklessness, protested against accepting responsibility for him when his military duties called for all his attention, and suggested that he should be employed in camp on staff duty instead of being permitted to risk himself on reconnaissance service. Thereupon

Lord Chelmsford detailed him to desk-work in the quartermaster-general's department, and gave Colonel Harrison a written order that the Prince should not quit the camp without the express permission of his lordship. The Prince, made aware of this order, obeyed, for he had a high sense of discipline; but he did not conceal his dislike to the drudgery of plan-making in a tent. He was fond of and expert in sketching in the field.

The orders issued to the little army in the Koppie Allein camp on the 31st of May for the morrow were, that the infantry should march direct to a camping-ground on the Itelezi hill about eight miles forward, the cavalry to scout several miles farther and then to fall back to the Itelezi camp. Early on the morning of June 1st the Prince, dead tired of routine desk-work, begged Colonel Harrison to allow him to make a sketching expedition with an escort, beyond the ground to be covered by the cavalry. The matter was under discussion—Harrison reluctant to consent, when Lieutenant Carey, a staff officer of the department, suggested that he should accompany the Prince, and proposed that the expedition should extend into the Ityotyozi valley, where the next camp beyond the Itelezi was to be and a sketch of which he (Carey) had two days previously left unfinished. Harrison then made no further objection, consenting the more readily because the whole terrain in advance had been thoroughly scouted over recently. He instructed Carey to requisition a mounted

escort of six white men and six Basutos, and he subsequently maintained that he had entrusted the command of the escort to Carey. This Carey denied, repudiating all responsibility in regard to the direction of the escort since the Prince in his rank of honorary captain, was his superior officer, and holding that his function as regarded the latter was simply that of friendly adviser. I was afterwards told that before leaving camp the Prince wrote a letter—the last he ever wrote—to his mother, and that hearing I was about to ride back to the post-office at Landmann's Drift, he left the message for me with his best regards, that he should be greatly obliged by my carrying down his letter. As it happened, I did not quit the camp until I did so as the bearer to the telegraph-wire of the tidings of the Prince's death.

I was with Herbert Stewart, the cavalry brigade-major, when Carey came to him with Harrison's warrant for an escort. Carey did not mention, nor did the document state, that the escort was for the Prince Imperial. Stewart ordered out six men of Beddington's Horse—a curiously mixed handful of diverse nationalities —and he told Carey that he would send Captain Shepstone an order for the Basuto detail of the escort; but that time would be saved if Carey himself on his way back to headquarters would hand Shepstone the order and give his own instructions. Carey chose the latter alternative and departed. An hour later, while I was still with Stewart, the six Basutos paraded in front of his tent. Either Carey or Shepstone had blundered in

the instructions given them, that was clear; but nothing could now be done but to order the Basutos to hurry forward and try to overtake the other instalment of the escort. Meanwhile the Prince had been impatient; and he, Carey, and the white section of the escort had gone on. Carey made no demur to the scant escort, since nothing was to be apprehended and since he himself had been recently chaffed for being addicted to requisitioning inordinately large escorts. Harrison later met the party some miles out, and sanctioned its going forward notwithstanding that the Basutos had not joined, which indeed they never succeeded in doing. The party then consisted of the Prince, Carey, a sergeant, a corporal, four troopers, and a black native guide—nine persons in all.

When Harrison had announced the tidings of the tragedy, I went to my tent and sent for each of the four surviving troopers in succession. They were all bad witnesses, and I could not help suspecting that they were in collusion to keep something back. All agreed, however, that Lieutenant Carey headed the panic-flight; and next day it transpired that, when a mile away from the scene and still galloping wildly, he was casually met by Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel Buller, to whom he exclaimed: "Fly! Fly! The Zulus are after me and the Prince Imperial is killed!" The evidence I took on the night of the disaster, and that afterwards given before

the court of inquiry and the court-martial on Carey, may now be briefly summarised.

The site of the intended camp having been planned out by the Prince and Carey, the party ascended an adjacent hill and spent an hour there in sketching the contours of the surrounding country. No Zulus were visible in the wide expanse surveyed from the hill-top. At its base, on a small plain at the junction of the rivers Tambakala and Ityotyozi, was the small Zulu kraal of Etuki, the few huts of which, according to the Zulu custom, stood in a rough circle which was surrounded on three sides at a little distance by a tall growth of "mealies" (Indian corn) and the high grass known as "Kaffir corn." The party descended to this kraal, off-saddled, fed the horses, made coffee, ate food, and then reclined, resting against the wall of a hut in full sense of assured safety. Some dogs skulking about the empty kraal and the fresh ashes on the hearths might have warned them, but they did not heed the suggestion thus afforded. About three o'clock Corporal Grubbe, who understood the Basuto language, reported the statement of the guide that he had seen a Zulu entering the mealie-field in their front. Carey proposed immediately saddling-up. The Prince desired ten minutes' longer rest, and Carey did not expostulate. Then the horses were brought up and saddled. Carey stated that at this moment he saw black forms moving behind the screen of tall grain, and informed the Prince. Throughout the day the latter had acted in command of

the escort, and he now in soldierly fashion gave the successive orders, "Prepare to mount!" "Mount!" Next moment, according to the evidence, a volley of twenty or thirty bullets—one witness said forty bullets—were fired into the party.

Let me be done with Carey for good and all. He had mounted on the inner, the safe side of the hut, and immediately galloped off. On the night of the event he expressed the opinion that the Prince had been shot dead at the kraal, but owned that the first actual evidence of misfortune of which he became cognisant was the Prince's riderless horse galloping past him. The men were either less active or less precipitate than was the officer. One of their number fell at the kraal, another on the grassy level some 150 yards wide, between the kraal and a shallow "donga" or gully across which ran the path towards the distant camp. As to the Prince the testimony was fairly unanimous. Sergeant Cochrane stated that he never actually mounted, but had foot in stirrup when at the Zulu volley his horse, a spirited grey sixteen hands high and always difficult to mount, started off, presently broke away, and later was caught by the survivors. Then the Prince tried to escape on foot, and was last seen by Cochrane running into the donga, from which he never emerged. Another trooper testified that he saw the Prince try to mount, but that, not succeeding, he ran by his horse's side for some little distance making effort after effort to mount, till he either stumbled or

fell in a scrambling way and seemed to be trodden on by his horse. But the most detailed evidence was given by trooper Lecocq, a Channel-Islander. He stated that after their volley the Zulus bounded out of cover, shouting "Usuta!" ("Cowards!") The Prince was unable to mount his impatient horse, scared as it was by the fire. One by one the troopers galloped by the Prince who, as he ran alongside his now maddened horse, was endeavouring in vain to mount. As Lecocq passed lying on his stomach across the saddle, not yet having got his seat, he called to the Prince, "Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît, Monseigneur!" The Prince made no reply and was left alone to his fate. His horse strained after that of Lecocq, who then saw the doomed Prince holding his stirrup-leather with one hand, grasping reins and pommel with the other, and trying to remount on the run. No doubt he made one desperate effort, trusting to the strength of his grasp on the band of leather crossing the pommel from holster to holster. That band tore under the strain. I inspected it next day and found it no leather at all, but paper-faced—so that the Prince's fate really was attributable to shoddy saddlery. Lecocq saw the Prince fall backwards, and his horse tread on him and then gallop away. According to him the Prince regained his feet and ran at full speed towards the donga on the track of the retreating party. When for the last time the Jerseyman turned round in the saddle, he saw the Prince still running, pursued only a few yards behind by some twelve or fourteen

Zulus with assegais in hand which they were throwing at him. None save the slayers saw the tragedy enacted in the donga.

Early next morning the cavalry brigade marched out to recover the body, for there was no hope that anything save the body was to be recovered. As the scene was neared, some of us rode forward in advance. In the middle of the little plain was found a body, savagely mutilated; it was not that of the Prince, but of one of the slain troopers. We found the dead Prince in the donga, a few paces on one side of the path. He was lying on his back, naked save for one sock; a spur bent out of shape was close to him. His head was so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sward. His hacked arms were lightly crossed over his lacerated chest, and his face, the features of which were in no wise distorted but wore a faint smile that slightly parted the lips, was marred by the destruction of the right eye from an assegai-stab. The surgeons agreed that this wound, which penetrated the brain, was the first and the fatal hurt and that the subsequent wounds were inflicted on a dead body. Of those there were many, in throat, in chest, in side, and on arms, apart from the nick in the abdomen which is the Zulu fetish-custom, invariably practised on slain enemies as a protection against being haunted by their ghosts. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. Neither on him nor on any of the three other slain of the party was found any bullet-wound; all had been killed by assegai-stabs.

Round the poor Prince's neck his slayers had left a little gold chain on which were strung a locket set with a miniature of his mother, and a reliquary containing a fragment of the true Cross which was given by Pope Leo III. to Charlemagne when he crowned that great Prince Emperor of the West, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs had since worn as a talisman. Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent all and with bared heads, looking down on the untimely dead. The Prince's two servants were weeping bitterly and there was a lump in many a throat. An officer, his bosom friend at Woolwich, detached the necklet and placed it in an envelope with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair for transmission to his mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we now stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a cloak, was placed on the lanceshafts of the cavalrymen, and on this extemporised bier the officers of the brigade bore it up the ascent to the ambulance-waggon which was in waiting. The same afternoon a solemn funeral service was performed in the Itelezi camp, and later in the evening the body, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, began its pilgrimage to England, in which exile, in the chapel at Farnborough, where the widowed wife and childless mother now resides, the remains of husband and son now rest side by side in their marble sarcophagi. The sword worn in South Africa by the Prince, the veritable sword worn by the first Napoleon from Arcola to Wa-

terloo—in reference to which the Prince had been heard to say, "I must earn a better right to it than that which my name alone can give me"—had been carried off by his Zulu slayers, but was restored by Cetewayo when Lord Chelmsford's army was closing in upon Ulundi.

To be slain by savages in an obscure corner of a remote continent was a miserable end, truly, for him who once was the Son of France!

III.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE AS A FINE ART.

Early War Correspondence.—Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, Wm. Howard Russell, Col. C. B. Brackenbury and Captain Henry Hozier.—Hilary Skinner.—George A. Henty and Frederick Boyle.—Henry M. Stanley's Earliest Triumph.—Murder of Mr. Bowlby in China.—Absence of Enterprise in Beginning of Franco-German War.—Holt White's Promptitude After Sedan.—The Mysterious Müller.—Personal Experiences in 1870-71.—The Triumphal Entry into Berlin.—Co-operative Correspondence in the Russo Turkish War; MacGahan, Millet, Jackson and Grant.

It is the foible of the veteran to be the *laudator temporis acti*. I must speak in the past tense of the craft of which I have been a humble follower. Not, however, because I am unable any more to pursue it—although, as it happens, that is the case; but because its conditions are being so altered that it may be said, I fear, to have ceased to be the fine art into which zeal, energy and contrivance elevated it for a brief term. It is now an avocation at once simplified and controlled by precise and restraining limitations. In all future European wars, by an international arrangement the hand of the censor will lie heavy on the war-correspondent. He will be a mere transmitter by strictly defined channels of carefully revised intelligence liable to be altered, falsified, cancelled, or detained at the discre-

tion of the official set in authority over him. I am far from objecting to the changed conditions, in the capacity of a citizen of a nation which may have the wisdom to prefer victories to news. The point I desire to emphasise is simply this, that the new order of things has taken war-correspondence out of the category of the fine arts.

It was by slow degrees that it had temporarily attained that position. In a sense Julius Cæsar was a war-correspondent; only he did not send his "Commentaries" piecemeal from the "theatre of war," but indited them at his leisure in the subsequent peace time. The old "Swedish Intelligencer" of the Gustavus Adolphus period was genuine war-correspondence; published indeed tardily compared with the alacrity of our news of to-day, but nevertheless fresh from the scene of action, full of distinctiveness, quaint and racy beyond compare. The first modern war-correspondent professionally commissioned and paid by a newspaper was Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, a well-known literary man not very long dead, who was sent to Spain by the *Morning Post* with the Spanish Legion consisting of 10,000 men raised in Great Britain to fight for the Queen of Spain, which Sir de Lacy Evans commanded in the Peninsula from 1835 to the end of 1837. But this new departure was not followed up, and no English newspaper was represented in the ill-fated Afghan campaigns of 1838-42, or in the great battles of the first and second Punjaub wars. When at the outset of the Crimean war in the early

summer of 1854 William Howard Russell presented himself to old Sir George Brown in the road-stead of Malta, announcing himself as the correspondent of the *Times* and tendering an authorisation from the War Minister, the apparition was regarded by the worthy General not so much in the light of a revolution as of an unprecedented and astounding phenomenon. But Russell's credentials could not be ignored; and all the world knows how he became "the pen of the war," and how his vigorous exposure of abuses, neglect, and mismanagement contributed mainly to the rescue from absolute extermination of the British Army wintering in misery on the Sebastopol plateau. Other papers followed the lead given them by the *Times*, and the artist-correspondent made his appearance also in the person of Mr. William Simpson, now a veteran, but still in the active service of the illustrated paper with which he has been worthily identified for more than forty years.

Russell represented the *Times* in the war in Denmark of 1864, when that poor gallant kingdom suffered so severely at the hands of the twin bullies, Prussia and Austria; and he was again in the field two years later when the bullies, having fallen out over their Danish spoils, turned their weapons on each other in the "Seven Weeks' War" of 1866. By this time war-correspondence, if not yet a profession, was becoming a necessity for all our important newspapers. Russell and his colleague the late Colonel C. B. Brackenbury were

for the *Times* with the Austrian Army; the great English journal was admirably represented with the Prussians by Captain Henry Hozier, whose book on that campaign is to this day a standard authority. Mr. William Black, then scarcely known to fame as a novelist, wrote war-letters for the now defunct *Morning Star;* and the late Mr. Hilary Skinner was the brilliant and versatile representative of the *Daily News.* Quite a little army of war-correspondents accompanied the Abyssinian expedition of 1867. Of those who then marched with Napier two are still alive and available for service to-day—George A. Henty, the volumious author of books dear to boys; and Frederick Boyle, who, besides being a war-correspondent, is a novelist and has been a traveller even unto the ends of the earth. But the journalistic honours of the expedition rested with Henry M. Stanley, then an unconsidered youngster from the great republic across the Atlantic, but born alert and enterprising, and destined to attain to a pinnacle of fame as the greatest explorer of our time. Stanley rode to the coast with the earliest tidings of the fall of Magdala; and it was his message which communicated the tidings of that event both to Europe and America. I ought to have mentioned that Russell described for the *Times* many of the battles and shared most of the dangers of the Indian Mutiny in 1857—58 as a received member of Lord Clyde's headquarters staff; and that Mr. Bowlby, a barrister and a *Times* correspondent with the British forces in the war with China of 1860,

having been taken prisoner by the Chinese, was murdered by them with the cruellest barbarity, being thus the first war-correspondent of an Old World newspaper to meet a violent death in the line of duty.

The war journalists who, previous to the Franco-German war of 1870 made for themselves name and fame, achieved their successes by the vivid force of their descriptions, by their fearless truthfulness, by their staunchness under hardships and disease. I can recall no instance in the Old World, with the single exception of Stanley's *coup,* in which a war-correspondent before 1870 succeeded in outstripping all competition in forwarding the intelligence of an important event. The electric telegraph had been but sparingly utilised in the Austro-Prussian war; in the Franco-German war it was to revolutionise the methods of war correspondence. But the conservative spirit of the Old World was singularly illustrated in the tardiness—the apparent reluctance, indeed—with which the revolutionising agency was accepted. In the great contest of the American civil war the wires had been resorted to with a fulness, an alacrity, and an ingenuity which should have been pregnant with suggestion to the war journalism of Europe. But this was not so. The outbreak of the war of 1870 was accompanied by no stirring of the dry bones. At Saarbrücken on the French frontier, the point for which instinct had led me to make on the declaration of war, there was an immediate concentration of momentary interest scarcely surpassed later any-

where else; yet to no one of the correspondents gathered there, whether veteran or recruit, had come the inspiration of telegraphing letters in full—a practice now so universally resorted to in war time that letters sent by post are an obsolete tradition. For the moment press telegrams from Saarbrücken were prohibited, and we supinely accepted the situation and resorted to the post; no man recognising or, at all events, acting on the recognition, that from the nearest telegraph-office in the Duchy of Luxembourg attainable by a few hours' railway journey, the despatch of messages was quite unrestricted. Enterprise thus far was dead, or rather had never been born. The stark struggle of the Spicheren fought out within two miles of the frontier, was described in letters sent by the slow and circuitous mail-train. The descriptions of the important battles of Wörth and Borny were transmitted in the same unenterprising fashion.

The world's history has no record of more desperate fighting than that which raged the live-long summer day on the plateau of Mars-la-Tour. The accounts of that bloody battle went to England by field-post and mail-train; yet the Saarbrücken telegraph-office, from which the embargo had been taken off, was within an easy five hours' ride from the field. The battle of Gravelotte fought on the next day but one, did at length get itself described after a fashion over the wires; but it was no Englishman who accomplished this cheap pioneer achievement. The credit thereof accrues

to an alert American journalist named Hands, who, I believe, was a representative of the *New York Tribune.* Whether, when the long strife was sullenly dying away in the darkness the spirit suddenly moved this quiet little man or whether he had prearranged the undertaking, I do not know; nor do I know whether he carried, or whether he sent, his message to the Saarbrücken telegraph office. But this is certain that it reached there in time to be printed in New York on the morning but one after the battle. British correspondents were on the field in some strength; American journalism was represented by such deacons of the craft as Moncure D. Conway and Murat Halstead; but nevertheless it remained for obscure little Hands to make the *coup.* It was, indeed, no great achievement intrinsically, looked back on in the light of later developments; yet Hands' half-column telegram has the right to stand monumentally as the first successful attempt in the Old World to describe a battle over the telegraph wires.

Sedan was marked by efforts of journalistic enterprise, crude, it is true, but at least indicative of budding energy. Again it was the *New York Tribune* which took "first spear," only the wielder of the weapon this time was a Briton. Holt White, a man whose abilities should have given him a better fate than a premature death in an Australian hospital, was with the Germans on the day so unfortunate for France. He stood by Sheridan when Napoleon's letter of surrender was handed by General Reillé to old King Wilhelm. The

napkin which had been Reillé's flag of truce was given to him as a souvenir. And then with dauntless courage he walked right across the battle-field through the still glowing embers of the bitter strife, reached the frontier, made for the nearest railway station and got to Brussels on the following morning. He could not telegraph from Brussels. His own story was that when he tendered his message the people in the Brussels telegraph-office refused to transmit it, scouting him as either a lunatic or a "bear" bent on creating a panic on the bourses; but I have also heard that he had not the cash with him to pay for a long message. Anyhow, he came on to London, getting there the day but one after the battle, in time for a short synopsis of his narrative to be printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette.* It appeared next morning in the *New York Tribune.*

Dr. Russell of the *Times* and the late Mr. Hilary Skinner of the *Daily News,* were attached to the staff of the Crown Prince and were billeted together in a village near Sedan. The following story regarding them was current at the time, and is, I believe, substantially true. After the battle they wrote steadily all night long, seated at the same table. In the morning—perhaps the next morning save one—each elaborately and ostentatiously sent a big budget to the field-post. Presently Skinner in his bird-like, airy manner ordered his horse, carefully explaining to Russell that he intended riding over the battle-field. "Happy thought!" cried the crafty Russell; "my letter is off my mind and

I will go, too." So on the two rode through the dead and wounded till they reached the Belgian frontier, when Skinner with his fluttering jauntiness chirruped, "Well, Russell, good-bye for an hour or two. I'll just ride on into Bouillon and get a morsel of luncheon there." "Faith," observed Russell, with all imaginable innocence, "I'm hungry, too. I don't mind if I go with you!" So they rode, and they lunched, and they remounted; and then they started, but not by the way they had come; indeed, in the contrary direction. Then it was that they looked each other straight in the face, and burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter. Each from the first had meant going through to England. They went on together.

Personally in those days, however enterprising were my aspirations, I had no means to make the most trivial attempt to realise them. I represented then a newspaper which had sent me into the field not lavishly equipped with financial resources. I was not mounted; I had no relations with any staff; I tramped with the fighting men knapsack on my back. I saw then more, perhaps, of the realities of actual hard fighting than I ever did later; but to what purpose? All that I could do was to drop my missives into the field-post waggon, to a belated and precarious fate. I, too, had gone across the frontier to Bouillon, tramping the distance on foot; and I was broiling a piece of meat at a fire which I had kindled in the dry bed of the rivulet under the hotel window at which Russell and Skinner were lunch-

ing. I should not have thought of taking the liberty to accost them—they were of the *élite* of the profession: I was among the outsiders.

But presently better things befell me. The *Daily News* took me on its strength, and sent me to the siege of Metz with plenty of money, and the most unrestricted injunctions to be enterprising laid upon me by Mr. (now Sir John) Robinson, the far-sighted and clear-headed chief of that journal. But I come of a race whose untutored impulse is to bewail the catastrophe in which "bang goes saxpence," and I had been stunted by the conservatism of my earlier newspaper. I lacked courage to be lavish no matter how tempting the opening, and I look back on my niggardly sacrifice of opportunities with sincere self-contempt. Thus I was the only civilian spectator of the stubborn fight of Mézières-les-Metz on the afternoon of October 7th, 1870, a combat which was the immediate antecedent of Bazaine's surrender; but I could not bring myself to be loose about it over the telegraph-wires to a greater length than half a column. A greater opportunity still I let slip when Metz capitulated. It was a rare chance—probably such another may never offer itself to the war journalist. So far as I knew, there was no competitor nearer than the frontier. I was quick to enter the beleaguered city; from an American gentleman who had been inside the place throughout the siege I gathered a great mass of information; I saw the French army and garrison march out and surrender; I saw Bazaine drive away to Corny;

I visited the hospitals, talked with military and civilian Frenchmen, and wrote all night in a room in the Hôtel de l'Europe in the grand old city by the Moselle. Of course I should have hurried by road or rail over the forty-five miles to Saarbrücken, there written for my very life, and sent sheet by sheet to the telegraph office as each was finished. *Mea culpa!* and it was no palliation of my shortcoming in alacrity that, dull as I was, I was ahead of my comrades.

But there was a real live man among us, although scarcely of us—a man whose trade was not war-correspondence, yet who did a piece of work in that department which was a veritable example of fine art. The capitulation of Metz was consummated on October 28th. The morning but one after this event all England was startled by a telegram which was published in the *Daily News*. This memorable despatch, printed verbatim from the telegraphic slips, was over two columns long and it described with minute detail, with admirable vigour, with effective if restrained picturesqueness, the incidents and events of the colossal surrender. On the day after its appearance in the *Daily News* the *Times* quoted the message in full, with the introductory complimentary comment that it envied its contemporary "so admirable a correspondent." The credit of having been that "admirable correspondent" was long ascribed to me, and notwithstanding constant repudiation on my part—for no honest man can endure to enjoy credit which is not justly his—I believe myself still generally

regarded as the author of this yet unforgotten telegram. I sincerely wish that this had been so; but the truth is that I was then among the unemancipated. I had done my best according to my lights, and blindly thought that I had done fairly well. A few days after the capitulation I was breakfasting in a Metz hotel, when a *Daily News* containing the telegram I have been telling of was handed to me. The sense of self-abasement as I read it turned me physically sick. I had been smugly believing in myself; and lo! here was the crushing evidence how completely and mysteriously a better man, whoever he might be, had beaten me. It was a stern lesson; I all but succumbed under it; but took heart of grace and swore to profit by the wholesome teaching. It was not until some time later that I came to know who the man was that had thus at a stroke revolutionised war-correspondence in the Old World—for this in effect was what, all unwittingly, this casual outsider had done. A young surgeon or hospital-dresser, a German-American named Müller, was professionally attached to one of the ambulances or field-hospitals of the German Army which had been beleaguering Metz. On his way from America to the seat of war he had accepted in London some kind of commission to do any journalistic work that might come in his way, not incompatible with the professional duties which he intended to undertake. Probably, as a volunteer, he had more time at his disposal than if he had been a surgeon of the regular service.

Anyhow, this Müller saw the capitulation, looked on at the taking over of the Porte Serpenoise by the German troops, witnessed the march out of Bazaine's dejected cohorts, penetrated into the city, and was in the vortex of the confusion and anarchy temporarily reigning there. Müller and I may have rubbed shoulders in the Place d'Armes. Then, having "taken in" the whole situation, he set about utilising the advantage he had gained in the most effective, daring, and purposeful manner. He rode out of Metz away northward along the Moselle valley, through a region infested with franc-tireurs, through villages bitterly hostile to the Germans, past the venomous cannon of Thionville—he rode, I say, the long forty miles north to the Luxembourg frontier, and crossing it reached a village called Esch, a place so petty that it is marked on few maps and is named in no gazetteer. How he got his long telegram expedited from that place I know not—nobody has ever known—but there is no doubt that he did so somehow; and then, strange to tell, he vanished utterly; *absit, evasit, erupit.* He was advertised for and searched for, but in vain. The man who had made what I do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest journalistic *coup* of our time on this side of the Atlantic, effaced himself utterly thenceforward. No laurels twined themselves round his name, which to all save a few is now for the first time revealed. I do not even know that he was aware he had earned any laurels. I have never seen the man, much and often as I and others have tried to do

so. In a word, of Müller it may be said, *stat nominis umbra.*

But this brilliant Müller-flash stirred in us all a new conception of our reason for existing. We had previously, of course, been aware that it was our duty to see all that we could see, know all that we could know —always with self-respect; but we had not adequately realised that the accomplishment of this to its fullest was merely a means to an end. At a casual glance it might seem that the chief qualification requisite in the modern war-correspondent is that he should be a brilliant writer, able so to describe a battle that the reader may glow with the enthusiasm of the victory, and weep for the anguish of the groaning wounded. The capacity to do this is questionless a useful faculty enough; but it is not everything—nay, it is not even among the leading qualifications. For the world of to-day lives so fast, and is so voracious for what has come to be called the "earliest intelligence," that the man whose main gift is that he can paint pictures with his pen is beaten and pushed aside by the swift, alert man of action, who can get his budget of dry, concise, comprehensive facts into print twenty-four hours in advance of the most graphic description that ever stirred the blood. In modern war-correspondence the race is emphatically to the swift, the battle to the strong. The best organiser of the means for expediting his intelligence, he it is who is the most successful man—not your deliberate manufacturer of telling phrases, your piler-up of coruscating adjectives.

Müller, it is true, opened our eyes to a new comprehension of our most urgent duty; yet the scales did not wholly fall away from them until long after they were opened. It is strange now to look back on the supineness throughout the Franco-German War in what I may call craft, and on the feebleness of the practical recognition of opportunity. It cannot be said that there is anything of fine art in the dropping of a letter into a slit in the side of a field-post waggon; yet that method of despatch was the usual resort. Occasionally, when anything important occurred, Mr. Russell would send his courier to Sedan, where the *Times* had located a forwarding agent; but the journey from Versailles to Sedan was tedious and the train service very irregular. He, and I think also Skinner of the *Daily News,* were allowed, on special application for each message, to send short messages to England over the wires; I had the same privilege at the headquarters of the army which the Crown Prince of Saxony commanded; and Bismarck allowed Mr. Beatty-Kingston, the accomplished correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph,* to telegraph at length the conditions of the capitulation of Paris. But such devices and so sparse facilities were simply tantalising alike to the correspondent and his public, yet there was, as a general thing, no alternative between them and the routine crudeness of the field-post.

In a measure, it is true, I had been so fortunate as to discern where lay the better way and to utilise it. From the beginning of November 1870, until the fall

of Paris in the end of January 1871, my sphere of duty was in the northern and eastern sections of the German environment of Paris; and the celerity with which my correspondence reached its destination and appeared in print created not a little surprise and speculation as to my methods. A respected rival on the same ground was so stung by this superior celerity that, in the conviction that it must be due to exceptional telegraphic facilities accorded to me, he made an official complaint of the undue favouritism which he believed I enjoyed. He was assured that there was no such favouritism, and remained bewildered and dissatisfied until the end. The Crown Prince of Saxony's Chief-of-Staff told me of this complaint, and desired that I should explain to him the method by which I accomplished the exceptional rapidity of transmission which he as a newspaper reader had observed. I revealed to him the extremely simple secret, under pledge that he should respect the confidence, since I did not devise methods for the behoof of competitors. Some little time afterwards I chanced to be dining at the headquarters of Prince George of Saxony to which my rival was attached, when one of Prince George's staff-officers accused me of post-dating my letters and thereby giving them a fictitious appearance of freshness. I asked him, if his charge were true, how it happened that my letters recorded events occurring on the dates they bore; and I offered to make a bet with him that if he should there and then inform me of some specific item of information, that item would

appear in the *Daily News* of the following morning but one. He accepted the bet, mentioned a particular movement of troops, and then left the room. I guessed the errand on which he had withdrawn, and to verify my suspicion presented myself at the military telegraph office on the way to my sleeping-quarters. "No! no! Herr Forbes!" said the soldier-operator with a grin—"I have orders to accept no message from you." I feigned disappointment and departed. Next morning my friend of the staff assailed me with fine Saxon persiflage, and demanded that I should pay the bet which I must know I had lost. I did not comply with this requisition, and in a few days was in a position to send him a copy of the *Daily News* of the stipulated date containing his piece of information, and to point out that he owed me five thalers.

The secret was so simple that I am ashamed to explain it, yet with one exception I had it all to myself for months. When before Metz I had done my telegraphing from Saarbrücken, depositing a sum of money in the hands of the telegraph-master there, and forwarding messages for England to him from the front against this deposit. Before leaving the frontier region for the vicinity of Paris, I learned that a train starting in the small hours of the morning from a point in rear of the German cordon on the east of Paris, reached Saarbrücken in about fifteen hours. The telegraph-master there would receive a letter by this train soon enough to wire its contents to England in time for publication

in the paper in London of the following morning. I put a considerable sum into his hands to meet the charge of messages forwarded to him by me; and I arranged with a local banker to keep my credit with the Saarbrücken telegraph-master always up to a certain figure. Every evening a field-post waggon started from the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters on the north side of Paris, picked up mails at the military post-offices along its route, and reached the railway terminus at Lagny in time to connect with the early morning mail train to the frontier. At whatever point of my section of the environment I might find myself a military post-office served by this post-waggon was within reasonable distance; and my letter addressed to the Saarbrücken telegraph-master went jogging towards the frontier once every twenty-four hours, with a fair certainty of its contents being in print in England within twenty-four hours or thereabouts, from the time when it was posted. There certainly was nothing very subtle or complex in this expedient, yet the only other correspondent before Paris to whom it suggested itself was my colleague Mr. Skinner, who posted telegrams from Versailles to his wife at Carlsruhe, whence she transmitted them to London; but I believe that he lost a mail because of the greater distance of Versailles from the railway at Lagny. It was by the simplest method that I won my bet with the Saxon staff-officer. As I walked towards my quarters I scribbled his item on a leaf torn from my note-book, put it into an envelope

already addressed, and as I passed the post-office quietly dropped the missive into the slot. My visit to the telegraph-office was merely a bluff.

There was perhaps a scintilla of innocent and simple strategy in the device which stood me in such good stead in the winter of 1870-71; but there certainly was nothing in it that could by any stretch of language be called fine art. And there was merely some forethought and pre-organisation in the circumstances attending my entrance into Paris immediately after the capitulation, and my rush eastward into Baden to telegraph a detailed account of the condition in which I had found the great city after its long investment. I was fortunate in getting in early; I made the best use of my time during the eighteen hours I was inside; and I was fortunate in getting out, which I did before any competitor had entered. My scheme was all laid. I had to ride some fifteen miles from the Porte de Vincennes on the east side of Paris, to catch the day-train leaving Lagny for the frontier at 1 p.m. Had all gone well with me I should have accomplished this without hurrying. But after I had cleared Paris and when I believed that there were now no more difficulties in front of me, I was detained in the Bois de Vincennes by a cordon of Würtemberger hussars whose orders were to turn back all and sundry, and who would not so much as look at the great-headquarters pass which I tendered. Such an accident as this seems of little consequence, yet it may spell ruin to the correspondent's

combinations. After a while, however, an officer whom I knew delivered me, and the Würtemberger obstacle was overcome. As I rode on I found that I should have made more allowance for the condition of the roads, long neglected as they had been and scored across at frequent intervals by the trenches, first of the defenders and then of the besiegers. To reach Lagny in time I had to ride my poor horse almost to death; in leaping trenches he had torn off shoe after shoe, and he was quite exhausted when I galloped up to the station just in time to put him in charge of a German cavalry soldier, and to jump into the train.

It was two o'clock on the following morning when I reached Carlsruhe, which place I had chosen as my objective point because I happened to know that the telegraph office there was open all night. I had some difficulty with the female telegraphist, who only knew her own language, and who had never seen so long a telegram as the one I presented to her for transmission. She sent for the telegraph-master, who was in no good humour at being roused from bed, and whose first question when he arrived yawning, was how much so long a message would cost and where was the money to frank it. In reply I emptied the belt in which round my waist I carried my portable financial resources, and, making a heap on the counter told him to wire against that pile. Then there was trouble with the female operator, who required to be helped over the stiles of awkward English words in Mr. Labouchere's not very

plain handwriting. She, however, had finished by 7 a.m., and the telegraph-master and myself settled our accounts. I had just time for a hurried breakfast before getting into the return train for Paris at 8 a.m., and I was back in Paris some forty hours after I had left it—one of the earliest in of my fraternity on this my second entrance. Walking into the Hôtel Chatham, I found there two journalists who had just arrived from Versailles. I was the victim of their badinage. They had got into Paris before me from their point of view, and they crowed over this their achievement with no little self-complacency. A few days later I saw one of them reading a *Daily News* containing the telegram which I had sent from Carlsruhe. He did not seem to be disposed to be facetious any more.

There certainly was a stroke of fine art in the well-planned and successful arrangements made by the *Times* in order to have the earliest detailed account of the entry into Paris of the German troops on March 1st, 1871. William Howard Russell witnessed the grand review by the German Emperor on the Longchamps racecourse, of the representative contingents detailed for the temporary occupation of a portion of the French capital; and he accompanied the head of the in-marching column until it reached the Place de la Concorde. Then, after some obstruction, he joined his colleague Mr. Kelly, who had been assigned to watch the demeanour of Paris under the humiliation of a hostile occupation; and about 4 p.m. the pair left the Gare du Nord in a special train

bound for Calais. On the journey Russell dictated to Kelly the account of what he had witnessed, and he remained at Calais while Kelly, crossing the Channel in a special steamer which was in waiting, reached London by special train in time to have Russell's and his own narratives in the *Times* of March 2nd. The *Daily News* had no interest with the "Northern of France" directorate for a special train, and I had to do the best I could without any adventitious advantages. I remember reading a statement in an American paper of the period, to the effect that I journeyed surreptitiously by the Russell-Kelly special in the disguise of its fireman, but I need not say that this was a playful invention. Elsewhere in this volume I have said something of my personal experiences on this eventful day, and will not here expatiate on the subject. A knot of Frenchmen followed me when I passed the German cordon, and then promptly raised the cry of "Spy!" I was attacked, knocked down, most of my clothes were torn off me, a sabot split my lip open, and men danced on me and kicked at me while I was being dragged along the gutter, until I was rescued by a picket of national guards. As soon as I was free and had fulfilled a grateful duty towards one who had helped me to my freedom, I hurried to the place where I had engaged that a dog-cart should be in waiting with a fast and stout horse. It was neither a safe nor pleasant drive through Paris to the St. Ouen gate. But once outside I could shake up the horse and he made good time to Margency, the

Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters, whence I was allowed to despatch a telegram to London of some length. That accomplished, I drove back to St. Denis in time to catch the regular afternoon train for Calais. Writing throughout the journey in train and boat—I was the only passenger by the latter—I reached London early next morning, brought out a second edition of the *Daily News* which was selling in the streets by 8 a. m., and then lay down on the floor of the editor's room, and went to sleep with the "London Directory" for a pillow. I started back to Paris the same evening.

I had an opportunity for getting in a little bit of fine work on the occasion of the triumphal entry into Berlin of the home-returned conquerors, with Kaiser Wilhelm and his generals at their head. That event occurred on Friday, June 16th, 1871. I left for Berlin a week earlier. Two days after leaving England the following telegram from me reached the manager of the *Daily News:* "Despatch youngster from office, with passport good for France, to report to me at Berlin 14th inst." A young gentleman duly presented himself on the specified date. I fear that my young friend never forgave me for having, during the next two days permitted him less liberty than he not unnaturally desired. In point of fact I confined him to his bedroom, not even allowing him to go to the *table d'hôte.* The *Einzug,* in all its pomp and fervid national feeling, was over about 6 p.m. After writing and despatching a two-column telegram, I dined and then sat down to

write a full narrative of what I had seen on this memorable day. About six next morning I wrote the last words of a letter six columns long; then I went round to the Dorotheen Strasse, and roused my two colleagues from their sleep to hand me their contributions. Returning to my own quarters I ordered breakfast for my prisoner, and while he was eating made up my packet. Then I instructed him—by this time it was nearly seven o'clock—to start forthwith for the Potsdamer Railway Station, take a second-class ticket for Brussels, get early into his compartment and keep out of sight until the train should start at eight. On reaching Brussels, he was to buy another ticket for London *viâ* Calais by the train leaving Brussels soon after his arrival there. Following this route he would reach London at 6 p.m. on Sunday, when he was to go immediately to the office and deliver his despatches.

All went well. From a corner in the station I saw the correspondents of the other London newspapers consign their letters to the post-office van attached to the outgoing train, caught a glimpse of my emissary as the train rolled out of the station, and then went to breakfast in a contented spirit. The confidence was justified. On the Monday morning the *Daily News* had a page and a half descriptive of the entry; no other newspaper had a line.

The accomplishment of this priority was simply the result of the forethought which becomes a second nature in a man concentrated on the duty he has in hand.

On the voyage from Dover to Ostend I remembered that during the recent disturbed condition of France, and because of the diminished passenger traffic to and from the Continent generally, the Sunday day-boats from Ostend to Dover had been suspended. It occurred to me to ask the captain if they had been put on again. "No," he answered; "they are to begin running again at the beginning of next month." It was then clear to me that the mails leaving Berlin on Saturday morning—the Berlin Festival was fixed for Friday the 16th—would lie in Ostend till late on Sunday night, when the night-boat would carry them to Dover; but that thus they could not reach London until 7 a.m. on Monday, too late for publication on that day. I knew that Sunday day-boats were already running from Calais to Dover, but that the German mails were not sent by that route. A passenger, however, could utilise it—thence my telegram for a young gentleman from the *Daily News* office. My instruction that he should carry a French passport was because I knew that the war-time enforcement of passports at the French frontier had not yet been abolished. It had occurred to no other competitor to make a study of this little problem.

During the campaigns in Spain and Servia there were few opportunities for artistic performances in the transmission of intelligence, nor did the amount of public interest make expensive organisation worth while. But the men engaged in those campaigns were steadily concentrating their energies on the elaboration of im-

proved devices for the swift forwarding of news, and the old crude methods were drifting into limbo. The Russo-Turkish war formed a new era in war correspondence. The journalism of both worlds made up its mind to put forth its full strength when in the spring of 1877 the Russian hosts destined for the invasion of Turkey were slowly massing in the squalid villages of Bessarabia. There had been a thorough awakening as to the advantages of copious telegraphy in war correspondence, and it was now for the first time thoroughly realised that strategic organisation for the rapid transmission of intelligence was a thing sedulously to study. Some of the ideas were no doubt ridiculous. I remember a young correspondent coming to me for advice in a state of profound bewilderment. He had received instructions from the manager of his newspaper to the effect that he was to keep himself aloof from both combatants, to flit impartially about the space intervening between them, and to use for telegraphic purposes the offices behind the Turkish front or those in the Russian rear, according to convenience or proximity. In other words, he was to place himself in the precise position where he could not possibly know anything, with the reasonable certainty of being hanged if he escaped being shot!

In the earlier months of this war there was a reciprocal alliance between the *Daily News* and the *New York Herald*. The representatives in the field of the former journal were the late Mr. J. A. MacGahan—the most brilliant correspondent I have ever known—and

myself. The *Herald* sent Mr. Frank D. Millet who later has achieved deserved distinction as a painter, and that able journalist and genial comrade Mr. John P. Jackson. When the alliance terminated in the September of the war, I was fortunate enough to obtain Millet's services for the *Daily News*. The organisation of our methods of action and the disposition of our forces, were matters deliberated on and settled in friendly conclave. The correspondence campaign was regarded *à priori* from a strictly strategical point of view. Bucharest was the obvious base of operations, as the nearest telegraphic point to the theatre of war. But insuperable difficulties would beset the correspondent hurrying back from the field himself, and rushing into the Bucharest telegraph-office with his matter partly in his head, partly in his note-book; or in forwarding by a courier a hastily written despatch for the wires. For one thing, ready cash in hard money would have to be paid over the counter of the telegraph office, and gold is the most inconvenient and most dangerous thing a correspondent can carry about with him in the field. For another, the operators knew no language but their own, transmitting mechanically letter by letter; and therefore messages had to be written in plain round school-hand. I telegraphed for a young gentleman who had previously served me well in Servia as base-manager to act in Bucharest in the same capacity. He engaged for our uses a spacious suite of apartments consisting of an office, manager's private room, and a couple of bedrooms to accommodate

weary correspondents coming in from the field. Two capable copyists were engaged to write out in easily legible characters messages for the wires brought or sent in by correspondents. The injunctions to the base-manager were that one of these transcribers was to be on the premises day and night; and that he himself was to have constantly in his possession for telegraphic purposes a sum of at least £500. His duties were to make as amenable as possible the Russian censor of telegraphic messages who from the beginning had been established in the Bucharest telegraph-office; for which purpose, and for gaining and maintaining the goodwill and alert service of officials and operators by presents of boxes of cigars, opera tickets, etc., he was authorised to disburse secret service money with due discretion. Further, it was his duty to gather and transmit what trustworthy news he could pick up in Bucharest; and in pursuit of this object he was to present himself frequently at the bureaux of the members of the Roumanian Cabinet, call on their wives, and attend their receptions. He also had to be *bien vu* by the foreign Ministers to the Roumanian Court, especially the British and Russian representatives.

We four quite amicably arranged the section of front to be covered by each, and there was never any clashing or poaching. Millet was a good deal out of things in the early days, down in the Dobrudcha with old General Zimmermann; but later, after the fall of Plevna, he had a splendid innings with Gourko in and beyond

the Balkans. Nothing in the whole range of war correspondence is more brilliant as war correspondence or more instructive in a professional sense, than Millet's work during this period; and so thorough was his organisation for the transmission of his letters that Gourko was glad to forward his despatches and the Russian officers their private correspondence, by his courier service. MacGahan was lame all through the war; but lameness had no effect in hindering a man of his temperament from going everywhere and seeing everything. As for myself, until struck down by Danubian fever, after the September attack on Plevna, I worked very hard and was singularly fortunate. General Ignatieff was very kind in giving me hints as to impending events. Apart from this, I had a curious intuition of a coming battle; I seemed to feel it in my bones, and I almost invariably backed my presentiment with good results. It happened that I was the only English correspondent at the Russian crossing of the Danube, the capture of Biela, the combat of Pyrgos, the battle of Plevna of July 30th, and the desperate struggle on the Schipka Pass, which lasted from the 22nd to the 24th August. Frederic Villiers, the *Graphic* artist, was my companion on all these occasions.

It may easily be imagined that the expenses of a correspondence service conducted on a footing so thorough, were very great; I can only hope that the results justified the cost. Each of us had a waggon and a pair of draught-horses, several saddle-horses, a

couple of servants, and couriers at discretion. The purely telegraphic charges were enormous, for almost everything was telegraphed. The scale, if I remember correctly, was about eighteenpence a word, and I myself sent several messages of more than 8,000 words each. But there was no stinting; it seemed as if a thing could not cost too much that was well done. Let me cite an example. In the early days we were nervous about the Bucharest censor, and on the suggestion of the ingenious Jackson it was determined to establish a pony-express service across the Carpathians to Kronstadt in the Austrian province of Transylvania, for the despatch thence of telegraph messages which the censor in Bucharest might decline to pass. That service accordingly was promptly organised. The ground covered was about eighty miles. The stages were ten miles long. Eight horses were bought, and eight men were engaged to attend to them. When I reached Bucharest on August 2nd with the tidings of the Russian defeat before Plevna of July 30th, the base-manager assured me that the censor would not dare to permit transmission of a message so adverse to the defeated Russians. Thereupon I utilised this Carpathian express service, and sent my account of the disaster from the Hungarian town. When my narrative reached them from England, the Russian authorities at headquarters in the field were so satisfied with its tenor notwithstanding its uncompromising frankness, that they ordered it to be printed in every newspaper in Russia. It was apparent that thenceforth the

censor could not obstruct messages to the *Daily News;* so I directed that the pony express should be disestablished. It had lasted for about nine weeks, it was used once, it cost abominably, and the decision was that it had paid for its keep.

Let me give an instance of the methods by which intelligence was expedited from the front. I started from the Danube for the Schipka Pass with four horses and three men. At the end of about every thirty miles I dropped a man and horse, with firm orders to the former to be continually on the alert. With a hired pony I rode up from Gabrova to the Schipka, spent some thirty hours amidst the carnage on the pass, and at night I started on the return journey. This I was able, by utilising horse after horse, to perform at a continuous rapid pace; and thus, as I was informed on reaching the imperial head-quarters at Gorni Studen, I had travelled so fast as to outstrip the official couriers. The young officer who was afterwards Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was so good as to send me in his carriage from Gorni Studen down to the Danube, and on the following morning I was telegraphing hard in Bucharest.

We acted habitually on certain fundamental axioms. Each man of the four had, as I have said, his individual specific sphere of action, which altered with the course of events, but to which, whatever and wherever it might be, he habitually restricted himself. But the restriction had a certain elasticity. The motto of all was in effect that of the Red Prince—"March on the

cannon-thunder." When that sound was heard, or when one of us chanced on reasonably good intelligence as to the probable locality of impending fighting, then it behoved that man to disregard all restriction to a specific region, and to ride with all speed for the scene of actual strife. For it was possible that his colleague within whose allotted sphere the clash of arms was resounding might be hindered from reaching the fray. Tidings of it might not have come to him; he might be intent on impending fighting nearer at hand to him, or, indeed, engaged in watching its actual outbreak and progress; he might be down with sunstroke or Bulgarian fever; all his horses might be lame—in fine, any one of many contingencies might hinder his presence. And if it should happen that two colleagues found themselves spectators together of the same fight, what harm was there? None; but rather it was well, since by dividing between them the field of strife the course of the battle would be discerned more closely and described more minutely. During the five days' fighting before Plevna in the September of the war, three of us—MacGahan, Jackson, and I—watched that great struggle, and if Millet could have been withdrawn in time from the Dobrudcha he would have found ample scope as well for his keen insight and brilliant faculty of description. As it was we did have a fourth colleague before Plevna, in young Salusbury, who was on duty with the Roumanians. Here, as in the wider field, each man had his allotted place. MacGahan was with his constant ally,

the gallant Skobeleff, on the extreme left; and because Skobeleff was the fiercest fighter of the Russian chiefs, the opportunities for thrilling narrative possessed by the correspondent attached to him were incomparable, and were incomparably utilised. I had the central section along the Radischevo ridge; and Jackson placidly surveyed the scene of slaughter over against him about the Grivitza redoubt, regardless of the shells which occasionally fell about the hayrick outside of which he sat and wrote by day, and in the hollowed-out interior of which he spent his nights. Always once and often twice a day, couriers were despatched to Bucharest from Jackson's hayrick, where his cheery and quaint fellow-countryman, Grant of the *Times*, habitually kept him company, and whither MacGahan or his messenger, and myself from time to time, converged with written matter to be despatched across the Danube to the Bucharest telegraph-office.

Not less imperative on the war-correspondent than the axiom that bids him "ride on the cannon-thunder," is the necessity that when he has learned or seen something of interest and value, he shall forthwith carry or send it to the wires without delaying for further information or the issue of renewed strife. "Sufficient for the day is the fighting thereof," should be his watch-word, if he can discern aught decisive in the day's fighting. If he has couriers with him or can find trustworthy messengers, it is, of course, his duty to remain watching the ultimate issue; but if he has no such

service, there is no more trying problem for the correspondent than to decide whether or not the day's work has been so conclusive one way or the other as to justify him in going away with the information he possesses. Never did I find the solution of this problem more difficult than on the evening of the long day's fighting of August 24th in the Schipka Pass. I had the impression that Radetsky could hold his own, and I knew that reinforcements were on the way to him; but meanwhile, as I rode away, the Turks were renewing the combat. I was in MacGahan's country, and, knowing his instinct for a battle, I had been looking out for him all day. On the morning of the 25th he arrived in the Schipka, having ridden hard on the fighting the moment he had heard of the outbreak. There was severe fighting all that day, and the Russians had the worst of it. That evening MacGahan in his turn had to consider his position, and his problem was more complicated than had been mine; for the day's work had resulted in rendering the Russian position very precarious. But a few days later Loftcha was to be assailed, and it behoved him to witness that undertaking. So he in turn quitted the Schipka on the evening of the 25th, hurried to Bucharest with the result of that day's work for the telegraph wire, and, by all but incredible exertion for a sound man, not to speak of a lame one, he was back in the vicinity of Plevna in time to witness Osman Pasha's furious sortie on the morning of the 31st.

Another illustration may not be inapposite of the paramount duty of the war-correspondent to transmit important information without delay, to the abandonment or postponement of all other considerations. MacGahan had accompanied the raid across the Balkans made by Gourko almost immediately after the passage of the Danube by the Russians. I had been on the Lom with the army of the Tzarewitch, whence I had to return to Bucharest with despatches for the wire. On my return journey I passed near Biela the hamlet of Pavlo, in a garden of which the imperial camp was pitched. It occurred to me to look in on General Ignatieff, and ask whether he had any news for me. "News, Mr. Forbes?" exclaimed Ignatieff, "to be sure I have; here is a despatch just arrived from General Gourko, giving all details about his crossing of the Balkans, and his march up the Tundja valley towards Kezanlik!" Ignatieff translated the whole despatch, which I took down from his lips; then thanked him, took leave, mounted my horse, and rode hard back over the forty miles between Pavlo and the Danube bridge. For I knew that what Ignatieff had given me was absolutely the earliest and the sole intelligence of Gourko's doings; and until this intelligence was on its way to England my intention to rejoin the Tzarewitch had to stand over. At Sistova I found a trustworthy messenger to Bucharest, and on the following morning I rode a second time to Pavlo. Again Ignatieff waved triumphantly a despatch from Gourko, describing hard

and successful marching and fighting beyond the Balkans; again his translation of that despatch was scribbled down in my note-book; again I hurried back to Sistova; and again sent a courier with the interesting and valuable message. Precisely the same routine occurred on the following day; and I owned to a certain modified satisfaction when the fourth day was barren of a despatch. For during the four days I had ridden 280 miles in a heat as fierce as that of India, over tracks from which the dust rose so dense as to obscure the sun. But then the information given to me by Ignatieff was the only tidings of Gourko, on whose enterprise the interest of Europe was concentrated; for it was not until several days later that anything came from the correspondents who accompanied the expedition.

IV.

THE FUTURE OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR.

"Amenities of Warfare" a Contradiction in Terms.—"Yanks" and "Johnnies."—"Amenities" in the Russo-Turkish War.—Napoleon after Austerlitz.—The Geneva Convention.—English and German arrangements for Wounded.—"Vae Vulneratis!" in future Wars.—New Weapons and New Explosives.—Endurance of Wounded on Battle-field.—Examples in Peninsular War.—The Millennium.

WHAT are genially termed "the amenities of warfare" are quite pretty, but, in the nature of things, they are also quite artificial; and as a matter of hard fact they are in principle nothing other than a contradiction in terms. What of chivalry has lasted into modern times resolves itself into a kind of Quixotic notion that rose-water and bloodshed are compatible one with the other. Occasionally a man arises among us frank enough, bold enough—many people may say brutal enough—who dares to brush aside the sophistical upper layer of conventional amenities, and to go straight down to the bed-rock of the subject. "The main thing in true strategy," said General Sheridan once, in his most trenchant manner, "is simply this: first deal as hard blows at the enemy's soldiers as possible, and then cause so much suffering to the inhabitants of a country

that they will long for peace and press their Government to make it. Nothing should be left to the people but eyes to lament the war." The Russian General Gourko is another great soldier who has expressed himself to the same effect, and who, indeed, evidenced the courage of his opinions in an extremely practical manner.

Nevertheless, the "amenities of war" have held their own more or less among civilised nations ever since standing armies came into existence. Frederick the Great had to ignore them in great measure during the Seven Years' War, because of the hordes of Pandours —Carlyle's "Tolpacheries and kindred doggeries"— which hung venomously on the fringes of his armies. But every reader of military history will remember Fontenoy and the ceremonious little episode between Lord Charles Hay of the English Guards, and the Count d'Auteroche of the Gardes Françaises. The "amenities" fell into abeyance during the ferocious wars of the French Revolution, but revived genially in Wellington's Peninsular campaigns, during which the mutual understanding of non-molestation between the outposts of the opposing armies was carried to curious lengths. In the American Civil War there was little, if any, personal rancour between the soldiers of the respective regular armies. The "Yanks" and the "Johnnies" on outpost duties were for the most part quite fraternal, and there were constant friendly barterings in tobacco, coffee, and whisky. In the Franco-German campaign in 1870, however, war once more in a great measure

went back to grim first principles. During the sieges of Paris and Metz an immense amount of simple cold-blooded murder was perpetrated on the fore-posts, of which the French had the best because of the longer range of their chassepôts. In the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 the "amenities" on the part of the Turks took the simple form of mutilating the Russian wounded before killing them, while the Muscovites confined themselves to refusing quarter and refraining from burying dead Turks.

The abstract theory of the "amenities" is nothing other than preposterous. You strain every effort to reduce your adversary to impotence. He falls wounded, whereupon should he come into your hands, you promptly devote all your exertions to saving his life and restoring him to health and vigour, in order that he may go home and swell the ranks of your enemy. This, no doubt, is humanity, but it is supremely illogical. Marbot recounts in his Memoirs perhaps the most thorough *reductio ad absurdum* of the "amenities." In the battle of Austerlitz, a body of beaten Russians about five thousand strong strove to escape across the ice on the Satschan Lake. Napoleon ordered his artillery to fire on the ice, which was shattered, and men and horses slowly settled down into the depths, only a few escaping by means of poles and ropes thrust out from shore by the French. Next morning Napoleon riding round the positions, saw a wounded Russian officer clinging to an ice-floe a hundred yards out, and entreat-

ing help. The Emperor became intensely interested in the succour of the man. After many failures Marbot and another officer stripped and swam out, gradually brought the ice-floe towards the shore, and laid the Russian at Napoleon's feet. The Emperor evinced more delight at this rescue than he had manifested when assured of the victory of Austerlitz. He had no compunction as to the fate of the unfortunates whom his artillery practice of the day before had sent to their deaths. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre!*

It has been the wounded in war who up till now have owed the most to its amenities. Prisoners of war have not fared so well; it makes one shudder to recall the horrors of Andersonville, or the deadly tramp across the snow-covered Wallachian plain of the Turkish army which had held Plevna so long and so valiantly. But in civilised countries, since Lützen onward, the commander of a routed army, or, as after Talavera, of an army that has conquered but whose subsequent retreat circumstances have compelled, has not hesitated to leave his wounded to the good offices of his adversary; and seldom indeed has the onerous duty not been humanely fulfilled. After Coruña and after Talavera the French took medical charge of the wounded left to their care by the British; after Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthez and Waterloo the British hospitals were full of French wounded. In any of the German field and base hospitals in 1870, in every alternate bed might have been found a wounded *piou-piou*, sharing in every re-

spect alike with his friends the enemies on both sides of him. In recent wars—the Crimean War was a melancholy exception—vast strides have been made in the methods of dealing with the wounded on the actual battle-field, as well as in the hospitals to which the more severely wounded are now so promptly relegated. Of the voluntary aid which the peoples of neutral states, as well as those of the combatant powers, have contributed and are ready to contribute again in the disinterested service of humanity, some details may subsequently be given. In one case in which no foreign aid was tendered when, I may add, it ought in brotherliness to have been tendered, a nation proved itself fully capable of performing unaided its duty to its wounded in the most zealous and efficient manner. The Sanitary Commission of the United States was among the noblest works in the world's record of devotion. Well might its historian write of it as "the true glory of our age and our country, one of the most striking monuments of its civilisation." The Geneva convention has worked ardently if not always quite practically or consistently, in the cause of humanity, although there is certainly point in Mr. Niemann's sententious remark that "in order fully to carry out the ideas of the Geneva Convention, it would be necessary to cease to make war."

In principle the existing arrangements for medical assistance in the field and for the removal of the

wounded therefrom, are in great measure identical in most European armies. The English system may be briefly summarised. In the field there is a medical officer with each unit—regiment of cavalry, battalion of infantry, body of artillery, etc. He has at his disposition the trained regimental stretcher-bearers of his particular unit, two per company or troop. To each brigade are attached specifically one bearer company and one field hospital; to each division an additional field hospital. For an army corps the medical establishment consists of ten field hospitals and six bearer companies, exclusive of the regimental aid; and, in addition to this, a certain number of officers of the medical staff are utilised for staff purposes. The entire service is under the command of a surgeon-major-general, subject to the authority of the general commanding. There are three stages for the wounded man between where he falls and the field hospital, where he either temporarily remains if his case is not serious, or whence he is sent back to the base hospital if he has been severely wounded. The first stage is from the fighting-line to the collecting-station. Where he has fallen he receives medical aid from one or other of two sources, whichever may the sooner reach him: the surgeon of his own particular unit accompanied by that officer's orderly from the regiment carrying the field-companion, water-bottle, and surgical haversack; or a surgeon belonging to the bearer company with a private similarly equipped. At this stage the surgeon, whether of the

unit or of the bearer company as the case may be, affords the wounded man merely temporary aid and does not undertake any serious surgical operation. The patient is placed on a stretcher, which may belong to the bearers of the unit or to one of the eight stretcher squads of the bearer company; and he is carried back to the collecting-station, which, while if possible under shelter, is as near as may be to the fighting-line consistently with safety. The collecting-station is in charge of a sergeant equipped with field-companion and water-bottle, and a small reserve of bandages and first dressings to replenish the surgical haversacks of the stretcher-bearers. From the collecting-station to the dressing-station farther rearward, and if possible out of fire, a certain specified number of ambulances ply, loaded with their complement of wounded men, each vehicle under the care of a corporal or private of the bearer company. These two stages, from the fighting-line to the collecting-station and from the collecting-station to the dressing-station, constitute the "first line of assistance."

At the dressing-station, located if possible in a building—if not, in a tent and in proximity to a good supply of water—the medical officer in command is on duty assisted by another medical officer, a sergeant-major, and sundry other non-commissioned officers and men, acting as compounders, cooks, etc. Here the wounded receive more detailed attention than could previously have been paid to them. Beef-tea and

stimulants are supplied when needed; minor, and in case of emergency, even capital operations are performed. As the wounded are dressed they are placed in the ambulances plying between the dressing-station and the field hospital, which stage is known as the "second line of assistance." The collecting and dressing stations may have to be advanced or retired according to the ebb or flow of the battle; but the general principle holds good that the two shall never be far apart, so as to shorten the journeys in the first line and thus bring the wounded within reach of surgical aid as speedily as possible. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882 a quarter of an hour was held to be the extreme length of time for the wounded man to lie on the field before receiving assistance; but then there were but a few hundreds of men to be dealt with, in contradistinction to the thousands of wounded which a great battle necessarily produces.

The following table may be of interest as marking the difference in detail between the German and the English appliances and methods for dealing with the wounded. The unit of comparison is in each case that of an army corps numbering 30,000 combatants:—

Remarks.

* Including [illegible] for transport duty.

* Excluding [illegible] for transport duty.

* Only 48 of these actually in use on battle-field, remainder [illegible] in the ambulance waggons.

[illegible] one-third more regi- [illegible] thousand men than the [illegible] many beds in field-hospitals, [illegible] one half. Taking the [illegible] dressing-station, [illegible] and carriage for [illegible] waggon, making 634 in [illegible] dressing-station from [illegible] the number of jour-

neys to and fro that could be estimated for would not exceed five, or 1,500 wounded moved by carriage. Taking 50 per cent. of the wounded as requiring carriage from the field, this would give 3,000 wounded that would arrive at the dressing-stations for transfer to the rear, or 10 per cent. of the whole force.

This much of detail has been gone into in regard to the present system of dealing with the wounded in battle with the motive of accentuating the contrast between that system with its promptitude of succour, and the harsher conditions which must inevitably be endured by the wounded of future warfare. One day about three years ago, I happened to be listening in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution, to a lecture which was being delivered by Mr. John Furley, one of our oldest and most devoted volunteer Red Cross men on many a stricken field. He talked of a new pattern of stretcher with telescopic handles and drew fine distinctions between the patterns of ambulances of infinitesimal shades of differences; apparently in the full conviction that the wounded of the future would fare as do the wounded of the present. Called upon to speak, I ventured to observe that if in the next great war Mr. Furley should be in the field, about the second evening after the battle he would probably find a wounded brigadier-general competing eagerly for a share of a country dung-cart for his conveyance to the field-hospital. I regard this as no

strained illustration of the state of things that will exist in the future after a great battle, in consequence of the immense number of wounded which the altered conditions of military armaments and of fighting will bring about. The Philistine audience, which included sundry brigadier-generals, gibed at me; but when later I happened to go into the matter more closely with intent to write this chapter, I found myself in accord with all the best authorities. "Vae vulneratis!" will be the cruel watchword of future wars. The late Dr. Billroth, the greatest of Austrian surgeons, who made the Franco-German War on the Prussian side, held that "we must come to the conclusion that in future it will be no longer possible to remove the wounded from the field during the battle by means of bearers, since every man of them would be shot down, as bearers would be more exposed than men in the fighting-line; and the most that can be aimed at is that the wounded man of the future shall be attended to within twenty-four hours." Bardeleben, the surgeon-general of the Prussian Army, has said: "Some urge an increase of bearers; but we must not forget that bearers have to go into the fire-line and expose themselves to the bullets. If we go on increasing their number, shall we not also be simply increasing the number of the wounded? The number of men provided for the transfer of the wounded now exceeds 1,000 for each army corps. It is no true humanity that in order to effect an uncertain amount of saving of human life a number of lives of other men should be

sacrificed. The whole system of carrying away the wounded on litters during the battle must be abandoned, for it is altogether impracticable." There are many other testimonies to the same effect. In the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars I had already personally recognised and had written in that sense in my war-correspondence, that the losses among the bearers and surgeons were so great that the service already "approached impracticability." And I added with a prescience which stands justified to-day, that "in the warfare of the future the service as now existing will be found utterly impracticable, since with the improved man-killing appliances certain to be brought into action, the first battle would bodily wipe out the bearer organisation carried on under fire."

It is virtually impossible that anyone can have accurately pictured to himself the scene in its fulness which the next great battle will present to a bewildered and shuddering world. We know the elements that shall constitute its horrors; but we know them only, as it were, academically. Men have yet to be thrilled to the heart by the weirdness of wholesale death inflicted by missiles poured from weapons the whereabouts of which cannot be discerned because of the absence of powder-smoke. Nay, if Dr. Weiss's recently-invented explosive, of which great things have been predicted, is to be brought into use in the German army, there may no longer be any powder—the "villainous saltpetre" superseded by the more devilish "fatty substance of a

brownish colour." The soldier of the next war must steel his heart to encounter the deadly danger incident to the explosions of shells filled with dynamite, melinite, ballistite, or some other form of high explosive, in the midst of dense masses of men. The recent campaign in Matabeleland has informed us with a grim triumph of the sweeping slaughter the Maxim gun can inflict with its mechanical stream of bullets. Quick-firing field-guns are on the eve of superseding the type of cannon in use in the horse and field batteries of to-day. All these instruments are on *terra firma*—if that be of any account. But, if there is anything in Edison's and Maxim's claims to have invented a flying-machine for military purposes which can be so steered as to carry and drop with accuracy five hundred pounds of explosive material at a given point, or to shed on an army a shower of dynamite, then death incalculable may rain down as from the very heavens themselves.

Most of the European powers have equipped their armies with one or other form of the new small-bore rifle, and those which have not completed their rearmament are making haste to do so. The only type of new weapon the results of the fire from which have been actually tested on the battle-field, is the Männlicher, which was used to a considerable extent in the Chilian civil war of 1891. As is generally known, the 8-millimetre projectile which the Männlicher throws is much lighter and of much flatter trajectory than any of the old larger bullets. Owing to its higher velocity and

pointed shape its power of perforation is extraordinary. In the matter-of-fact language of Bardeleben, "Owing to the immense velocity of the Männlicher bullet and its small surface of contact, it meets with little resistance in striking, causes little commotion of the neighbouring parts, has no time to stretch the various tissues it encounters, and merely punches out a hole, carrying the contused elements before it clean out of the wound without seriously damaging the surrounding wall of track." The now obsolete bullets fired from great distances and striking a bone, frequently glanced off or rebounded. This will occur no longer; the new long-range projectile, if it strikes at all, has sufficient force to pass through, cutting any vessels or organs it may meet in its path. It is, therefore, all the more deadly. Whereas the accepted estimate of casualties in modern warfare has been in the ratio of about four men wounded to one killed, the percentage in the Chilian fighting is authentically given as four killed to one wounded. This ghastly proportion will probably not maintain itself in future battles on a larger scale; but there can be no doubt that the fighting of the future will be deadlier than that of the past. Yet the properties of the new bullet are not entirely lethal, although it will slay its thousands and its tens of thousands. Its characteristic of absence of contusion, which contusion from the old bullet frequently stayed the bleeding of injured vessels, must result in more frequent deaths from hæmorrhage, more especially in the inevitable

lack in the future of prompt surgical intervention. But the wounds it causes, if they do not produce immediate death or speedy dissolution from hæmorrhage, are expected to be more amenable to treatment than those which were occasioned by the old bullet.

It is remarkable that the more modern battles of Europe, in which great numbers of men have been engaged—battles in which were used rifled cannon and small arms—have afforded greatly less percentages of casualties than those of earlier battles in which smooth-bore cannon and muskets were the sole weapons of fire. At Borodino in 1812, there fought 250,000 French and Russians with a result of 80,000 killed and wounded. At Salamanca in the same year, when 90,000 English and French were engaged, the casualties amounted to 30,800. In each case the proportion of casualties to forces engaged was one-third, and the proportion was the same in the battle of Eylau in 1807. In the battles of Magenta and Solferino in the Franco-Italian war of 1859 when the French armament was in great part rifled, the proportion of killed and wounded to the total forces engaged was but one-eleventh. At Königgrätz in 1866, the proportion was one-ninth. In the two days' fighting before Metz in August, 1870—the battles of Mars-la-Tour on the 16th, and the battle of Gravelotte on the 18th—there were in all on the ground about 450,000 Germans and Frenchmen. The casualties of the two days amounted to 65,500, affording a proportion to the total strength of one-seventh. These figures

work out that the old Brown Bess and the smooth-bore guns inflicted proportionately more injury to life and limb than occurred in the battles later in the century with all the appliances of improved armaments. But the largest army placed on a battle-field on any one occasion by any European Power within the present century—the Prussian army which fought at Königgrätz —did not amount to more than 260,000 fighting men. To-day, the war-strength available for the field of the German Empire is close on 2,500,000 men; that of France, 2,715,000; that of Russia, 2,450,000; that of Austria, 1,600,000. When the first great battle of the next great war comes to be fought, a million of combatants will be in the field. On the percentage of 1870, and putting aside altogether the effects of the recent developments in man-hurting, the casualties will exceed 140,000. According to the existing ratios, of this number 35,000 would be slain, 70,000 would be comparatively slightly wounded, and 35,000 would be severely wounded. In the absence of actual experience the Chilian statistics could not be relied upon, at all events, in full. It follows that if the wounded of the next great battle are to be dealt with as the present arrangements prescribe, apart from the gleaning of the bearers during the battle, surgical assistance will have to be provided for 105,000 wounded, and hospital accommodation for 70,000, namely, the 35,000 severely wounded, and one-half of the 70,000 comparatively slightly wounded.

To cope adequately with this vast aggregate of human suffering—with this gigantic example of "man's inhumanity to man"—is obviously impossible; it confessedly cannot and will not be attempted. The primary object of war is manifestly not to succour wounded men; but to engage in battles, to beat the adversary, to win victories. The battles of the future may or may not be less prolonged than those of recent campaigns. We cannot prognosticate. The battle of Gravelotte lasted from noon until 10 p.m.; the battle of Mars-la-Tour right round the clock, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. It is certain, because of the vast strength engaged, that the battles of the future will cover much more ground than heretofore, and it is probable that the fighting will be more stationary. Let me briefly adumbrate the possibilities—indeed I may say the probabilities—of the results of a great battle in the next great war, which is sure to be "short, sharp, and decisive." The fighting has been prolonged and bloody, with the result that one side is definitely beaten, evacuates its positions, and retreats more or less precipitately, leaving on the ground its wounded, none of whom could be cared for while the conflict lasted. The successful commander's ground is littered with his own wounded; he has them on his hands in thousands, and he has also on his hands the thousands of the wounded of the vanquished force which has gone away. The conqueror of the future, if he accepts the old-time conventional burden of his adversary's wounded, will become its victim. He will not

accept the incubus. Is it to be imagined that the victor in such circumstances will think twice even about his own wounded, let alone the wounded of the other side? No. He is in the field, not to be a hospital nurse, but to follow up his advantage by hammering on the enemy who has departed leaving his own wounded behind—and who may come back again to-morrow to strike him while clogged to the knees in the live and dead *débris* of yesterday's battle. The victor will hasten away to overtake or hang on the skirts of the vanquished army, leaving the wounded of both sides to be dealt with as may be possible by such surgeons as he can afford, in view of future contingencies, to leave behind, and to the ministrations of cosmopolitan amateur philanthropists of the Red Cross and kindred organisations. For there will be no more military bearer companies; in the hunger for fighting men the 1,000 bearers per army corps of the present will have been incorporated into a strong brigade with arms in their hands and a place in the fighting line. On the line of communication of the future, reserve ammunition trains are to precede the military ambulances which up to now have headed the columns of vehicles. The German instructions in the present regulations for medical services are, that when a battle is engaged in all available vehicles of whatever kind, empty regimental provision and meat waggons, empty supply-column waggons, country carts and waggons requisitioned, ambulances of medical establishments in rear, and the like, are to be brought up for the trans-

port of the wounded in order to "satisfy requirements as far as possible." But the inevitable delays are obvious, and in view of further fighting in the immediate future the whole available vehicles could not be devoted to the service of the wounded in the recent battle. The order is specific that the Red Cross *personnel* and ambulances are henceforth never to be allowed to do duty in the first line, namely, on the field of battle, and that their activity must be confined exclusively to the period after the battle; that is, to the *étape* transport of the wounded to the base hospitals.

I have tried to foreshadow what I believe will be the plight of the wounded of the great next war. The prospect seems very disheartening; for the described dealing with poor mangled fellow-men is not of a progressive but of a reactionary character, and reaction is repulsive to our age. Yet there may be some features of the prospect tending to mitigate its gloom. I venture to think, for instance, that the enforced remaining of the wounded on the field until the battle is over, and indeed for hours afterwards, notwithstanding the suffering such delays must in many cases entail, will not for the most part produce consequences so calamitous as may be not unnaturally apprehended by those who "sit at home at ease." I am of opinion—and I venture to believe that I have bandaged and attended to more wounded under fire than any man in Europe who is not a professional military surgeon—that the severely wounded soldier under the existing system of prompt

removal to the dressing-station, does not uniformly benefit by the hustling and physical disturbance his removal necessarily entails while he is suffering from the first shock of being severely wounded. It is true that he may bleed to death if no ministration has been afforded him where he lies; but that risk apart, if the bleeding shall have been stanched or shall have stanched itself, I conceive that he may lie without serious detriment, often perhaps with actual advantage, even for so long a period as twenty-four hours if the weather is not bitter. All men conversant with war know instances of extraordinary tenacity of life in wounded men who had received no attention. Segur's well-known story of the man wounded at Borodino having been found alive by the army returning from Moscow has been discredited. But my comrade and myself found on the fifth day after the battle of Sedan, a wounded Frenchman walking about in a sequestered part of the battle-field, not indeed with sprightliness but without evidencing great debility; yet his lower jaw had been shot away, a wound which precluded him from eating solid food. I found also on the third day after the battle of November 30 1870, on the east of Paris, in weather so bitter that sentries were actually frozen to death on their posts, a nest of three wounded Frenchmen lying in a hollow, not starved to death, not frozen to death, but pretty hungry and quite alive. I may even dare go so far as to hold that, at all events, in the British service in small wars, the soldier is coddled nowadays to the extent of

being really deteriorated by over-tenderness of treatment. He has an anæsthetic administered when the top joint of his little finger is being taken off; he has hypodermic injections when he has a twitch of pain; he is treated with champagne, with all sorts of delicate extras, and everything that can make a man reluctant to own to convalescence. In the old days of the Peninsular war men had natures of more pith and did not seem to die in much greater proportion than nowadays, although they were entire strangers to all this demoralising excess of dry-nursing. Take for instance Major George Napier, one of the Napier brothers who were always being wounded. Shot down in the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was made a football of for about a quarter of an hour while the column passed over him as he lay. He was picked up with his arm shattered; Lord March bound his sash about it and bade him go and find the amputating-place. He discovered that locality after an hour's search, and then sat down at the end of a queue of men to wait for his turn, which came two hours later. Then there was a dispute between the surgeons on a point of etiquette. Napier had asked his own regimental surgeon to do the business, but a superior staff-surgeon successfully asserted his right to perform the operation of amputation. It took twenty-five minutes, the staff-surgeon's instruments being blunted by much use. The stump was bandaged and Napier bidden go and find quarters. He walked about on this quest most of the evening, finding at last a

house in which a number of other wounded officers had gathered, and he remained there sitting by the fireside with his stump taking its chance for a considerable time longer, until the death of the gallant General Crawfurd gave him a bed vacancy. During that same night there arrived a soldier of his regiment who had been searching for his officer for hours. Napier said to the man: "I am very glad to see you; but, John, you are wounded yourself—your arm is in a sling." "Arrah, be Jasus, your honour," answered honest John Dunn, "sure its nothing to shpake about—only me arrum cut off below the elbow, just before I shtarted to look for your honour!"

To conclude, stern experience of future warfare will one day, please God, force home upon the nations the decision, whether their wounded and necessarily untended warriors in their thousands and their tens of thousands are to lie bleeding on the battle-fields while the strife is raging above them, or whether the peoples of the civilised world shall take the accomplishment of the blessed millennium into their own hands, and bring it about, in the words of the old Scottish paraphrase, that

> "No longer hosts encountering hosts
> Shall crowds of slain deplore;
> They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
> And study war no more!"

V.

A HILL STORY.

It was not a very enlivening spot, lying as it did on the bleak lower shoulder of a lumpy hill, just where the heather merged into the coarse tufty grass that marked the margin of cultivation; yet it bore tokens of having been at some time or other a fair-sized homestead. There were the remains of the rough turf dyke which had once surrounded a cabbage-garden, inside which the grass was shorter and greener, while here and there a neglected tuft of southernwood or a gooseberry-bush raised its ragged head, like the unkempt poll of some homeless street Arab. In a corner overhung by a graceful but decaying weeping-willow, was a little plot which manifestly had once been a flower-garden. The tortuous paths were still faintly defined by the straggling edgings of box, with many a gap and many a withered stem; and through the luxuriant wilderness of chickweed, groundsel and tansies there peered forth an occasional cowslip and polyanthus, or a heart's-ease in its forlornness belying its name. There was a gap in the turf wall just under the willow-tree; and passing out by it I entered what had once been a trimly-kept

back-yard. The well was there with its rough stone coping mouldering and displaced. At one time there had been a not unambitious attempt to imitate an inlaid pavement with variegated pebbles laid down in a fantastic pattern, but the round stones had in places been displaced from their bed, and in other places a layer of mould coated them, out of which the rank strong grass grew with a wild luxuriance. A pile of stone mingled with and matted together by turfs, or as they are called in Scotland, "divots," marked the site of the dwelling-house. Only a fragment of one gable still kept its upright position, from the centre of which, about half way up, projected the iron support for the crook a few links of which still dangled as in mockery over the empty and green-moulded hearthstone. The whole scene wore an aspect of the forlornest desolation; no trace of human life was visible. The spring wind soughed through the quivering leaves of the willow, and played fitfully with a few scraps of paper which apparently could find rest nowhere—not a friendly crevice to drop into and moulder into pulp; but seemed condemned to be tossed to and fro on the wind eternally, as if they were the symbol of some sinful human soul to which rest and peace were denied. One of those fragments I caught after quite a lively chase. It appeared to have been the fly-leaf of a pocket-bible, and on it were written the two names—

"ISABEL CROMBIE
JOHN FARQUHARSON"

and the legend underneath—

"Hereby plight constancy one to the other."

"Ah!" said my friend and companion the old minister when I showed him the writing on the scrap I had picked up, "that is the keynote to a long and sad tale. My heart is always heavy when I come up out of the valley among these memorials of a once happy family. A parish minister sees some joy and much more sorrow in the course of what the busy world may consider an uneventful life; but the story of these ruins is the saddest within my experience."

I pressed the white-haired old man to tell me the tale, and at length he yielded reluctantly to my importunity. We seated ourselves on a fragment of the turf garden wall, and the old minister, after a short silence occupied in the consumption of huge pinches of snuff, which perhaps accounted for a certain moisture of the eyes and a somewhat profuse use of his pocket handkerchief, began his story:—

"I was returning one winter's evening from holding a catechising in a remote district of my parish, which lies at the back of the hill yonder. My pony had fallen lame, and I turned off the hill road to the house the ruins of which are now before us, to find quarters for her for the night. When I entered the kitchen, the cold ingle of which you see below that still standing gable, a very pleasant domestic scene met my eye. The gudeman was sitting in the chimney-corner reading aloud in

a quaint and effective manner one of the hill-stories of the Ettrick Shepherd. James Crombie, or 'Honest James,' the name he was known by far and wide, was one of my most respected elders. He was a man somewhat of the old Cameronian type, with strongly-marked harsh features, a kindly grey eye, and a great pile of bald head covered by the 'braid bonnet' of the Scottish peasantry. The gudewife sat by the table opposite to her 'man,' listening to his reading with interest, and knitting a pair of 'furr and rigg' stockings for his sturdy shins. At the foot of the table sat their daughter Isabel, or 'Bell' as was her familiar name, a good and good-looking girl as there was in the parish. By her side sat a strapping young fellow, John Farquharson by name, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who was serving his father as a ploughman and who had very good expectation of soon having his name in the lease along with him. It was easy enough to discern that there was a quiet courting-match going on between the young people; and as the gudewife wore a complacent smile and as James certainly did not frown—I set down the matter in my mind as settled, and jocularly asked John when he should be coming down to the manse to arrange about the banns. He, of course, looked much as if he had been detected in stealing the pulpit Bible, and Bell gave me a half shy, half roguish glance out of the corner of her blue eye, which I accepted as a tacit pledge that I was to perform the ceremony at a convenient season. After sitting for a while with the family

group the gudeman begged me to conduct the evening worship, and this over I set out for the manse accompanied by John Farquharson, because, as he said, 'the road was gey an' kittle, an' your reverence micht lair in some o' the bog-holes.'

"Time wore on. It was getting near to midsummer, the season of the annual sacrament of the Communion. The spring had been a very bad one and last year's crops had threshed out wretchedly. A pestilence called the 'quarter-ill' had smitten many of the cattle, and in particular, James Crombie's byres had been almost emptied. His face had become perceptibly thinned and more haggard, and I used to meet him stalking moodily along with his hands under his coat tails and his head sunk on his breast. The young laird had come home from college—a handsome, wild young scapegrace of whom some ugly stories were already afloat. John Farquharson's face was no longer blithe as it had been wont to be. On the few occasions I met him in those bad days he seemed sullen and moody, and I feared that something had intervened to prevent the course of true love from running smooth between him and Bell. As for her, she too was altered. She had not come at all to the last catechising, and I had observed her in church dressed in a style which did not become her station.

"The Sacrament Sunday had come, and James Crombie, moody and careworn, was in his place with his brother elders. The preliminary sermon had been

preached, the sacred elements were on the white cloth which covered the table running along the whole space of the centre of the church; and I ascended the pulpit to perform the awe-inspiring and terrible duty of 'fencing the tables.' Perhaps you do not know the strict meaning of the phrase and the duty. It is this. With the Saviour's body and blood in a symbolical form before the minister and the intending communicants, it is the momentous task of the former to warn away from that table, as he would from the very mouth of hell itself, all who would partake thereof with the stain of unrepented sin on their guilty souls. It is his dreadful duty to lift up his stern voice, and, in the name of the Most High, solemnly to warn the fornicators, idolators, adulterers, effeminate, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortionists, those full of envy, murder, deceit, malignity, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, implacable, unmerciful'—to warn all such, I say, in the name of the Master that if they come to that table in their sins, they commit 'the sin against the Holy Ghost' and incur the fate of the apostate Iscariot.

"This duty, as I have said, is a dread one; but it is not for the conscientious minister to shrink from it in all its awful significance. I was finishing the solemn sentences wherewith I had fenced the table, when there was a sudden stir in the body of the church before me.

I saw my favourite elder, James Crombie, spring to his feet and bareheaded rush frantically out of the church, his long grey locks streaming behind him as he fled. It was only with an extraordinary effort that I controlled my emotion and was able to proceed; and when I saw the sensation which the occurrence caused throughout the congregation—heightened when James's wife rose from her seat in the gallery, and with white face and tottering steps followed her husband—I wavered whether it would not be advisable to postpone the ordinance altogether. But I judged it better not, and table after table was served and the afternoon sermons had begun in church and in churchyard, ere I ventured to commune with myself over the extraordinary occurrences of the forenoon. I tried to connect it in some curious rambling fashion with the absence of the daughter, Isabel, from her place in church; but, failing in this, the moment the benediction had been pronounced I deputed a brother minister to fill my place at the manse dinner-table, and wended my way up the shoulder of the hill to James Crombie's house. A neighbour opened the door for me, and silently led the way into the kitchen. There, in her accustomed seat, sat the gudewife; but, oh, how changed from the last time I had seen her there! She sat silent and motionless, as if she had been smitten by a stroke; nor was she to be roused from the deadly numbness into which she had been struck. There were no tidings of James, but the neighbour-woman pointed silently to an open letter which

lay on the table. I took it up and read it. It ran as follows, commencing with the stereotyped epistolary phraseology of the Scottish peasantry—

'Sunday Morning.

'DEAR MOTHER,—I write these few lines to let you know that I have gone away with young Mr. Harry, who has promised to marry me when we get to parts abroad. Dear father and mother, do not fret, for I will come home soon, and be the leddy down at the big house. Tell John Farquharson that he will get a better wife than your dutiful daughter till death,

'ISABEL CROMBIE.'

"My heart turned sick, and after an ineffectual effort to rouse the old woman from her lethargy of woe, I left the grief-smitten farmhouse. On my way home I met John Farquharson coming towards me with rapid strides, and a wild, dangerous light in his eye. He had heard a rumour, and he was hurrying to learn whether it were truth or falsehood. I stopped the poor fellow and strove, while I did not withhold from him the sad truth, to soften its terrible significance; but so soon as he was told that the report was but too true, he broke away with a bitter curse and a wild laugh, and ran madly across the moor as if flying from himself. There were sore hearts that night in the manse as well as up on the hillside.

"Next morning came tidings of James Crombie himself. Bonnetless as he was he had walked straight from the kirk door to the gate of the jail in the county town, and had set to battering at the door as if trying to break it in. The warder looked through the wicket and, know-

ing James, asked in surprise at the wildness of his aspect, what he wanted.

"'I want in,' was the answer, 'an' I maun be in! Gin ye dinna lat me in, by God, I'll loup aff the pier head, an' my death will be on your head!'

"'Is the man mad?' was the warder's reply; 'troth, there's mony want oot frae here, but few want in! I tell ye, gae awa', man!'

"'Lat me in, I say!' begged the elder—"pit me in a cell, or I'll ding out my brains on the lintel o' the yett. I tell ye I have guilt on my sowl an' I maun dree the law for it!'

"The astonished official knew not what to make of a demand so crazy, and he determined to free himself from responsibility by bringing James under the cognisance of the Procurator Fiscal, who lived in the next street. For his part James was nothing loth to accompany the warder, his whole being seemingly centred in a feverish craving to be inside a felon's cell at the earliest moment. Before the Fiscal he abruptly owned to his crime. Impelled, he said, by inability to meet the impending instalment of his rent, he had forged the name of a neighbour to the bill which he had handed to the factor in discharge of the rent due by him. Yes, 'honest James' was honest no longer—he was a confessed forger and felon. He had fallen, indeed, but he could not sear his conscience; and when my awful message in the fencing of the tables had sounded in his

guilty ears, the burden of his secret sin had proved greater than he could bear.

"The Procurator Fiscal of course took his 'deposition,' and equally as a matter of course committed him to prison on the charge of forgery on his own confession. It was my task to tell the tale to his wife, and I would rather not trust myself to describe the effects on her of blow after blow. The morning after my interview with her she was at the prison door, and before the week was out there was a sale of the belongings at the steading among the ruins of which we are seated. James's debts were paid, and the poor gudewife moved into the town into a humble lodging to be near her husband on the day of trial.

"That day was not long of coming. The Lords of Circuit arrived, and on the following morning the court was duly constituted. Whereas, according to my belief, were this case to have occurred in England, the factor, a private individual, would have been the prosecutor and might have withdrawn the charge had he thought proper, the law is different here in Scotland. The moment that the Procurator Fiscal, who is a Crown official and the Public Prosecutor, has heard of the case, from that moment it is beyond the pale of private inveteracy, or mercy, as the case may be; and if in the exercise of his judgment he reports that the charge is one on which there is a reasonable probability of obtaining a conviction, no influence in the land can withhold it from the impartial arbitrament of the law. So, notwithstand

ing that the factor's claim had been satisfied and that he was ready to give evidence as to character on behalf of the prisoner, an example which the man whose name had been forged desired to imitate, James Crombie stood before the Circuit Judges to answer to the charge, with a Crown counsel as prosecutor. As he stood in the dock with downcast eyes and worn face I noticed that the sparse grey hairs had turned to snow-white, and that the once stout, upright figure had become wasted and bent.

"'How say you, James Crombie—are you guilty or not guilty?'

"His head sank still lower on his breast as the answer, although little louder than a whisper, sounded over the hushed court; 'Guilty, my lord, before my God, and before my fellow-men!'

"'The daumed feel!' I heard the Fiscal's clerk mutter angrily; 'an' me drew the process loose eneuch tae drive a coach an' sax through't, tae give honest James a chance!'

"'Have you any counsel?' asked the Court.

"'None, my lord, except a guilty conscience.'

"A whispered consultation ensued between the Fiscal and the Crown counsel, and the latter, rising, requested that the Court should proceed to take proofs of substantiation of the charge, negativing the prisoner's confession and plea of 'guilty,' and that it would be pleased to appoint one of the counsel present to conduct the defence of the prisoner at the bar.

"A brisk young advocate who had been glancing over the papers, sprang up and volunteered his services, which the Court accepted on behalf of the prisoner; and the first witness, the factor, was called. He had not, however, entered the witness-box when the dapper young advocate was on his legs.

"'My lord,' said he, 'I rise to save the time of the Court and of my learned brother who appears on behalf of the Crown. I beg to call your lordship's attention to the irrelevancy of the libel. It contains no specification of the date or approximate date of the uttering of the document alleged to be forged.'

"The Fiscal's clerk seemed inclined to give vent to a hurrah; the Judge looked at the Crown counsel, who looked at the Fiscal, who smiled at his clerk and then shook his head. And then the Crown counsel rose and announced that 'he deserted the diet against James Crombie,' or, in other words, that he abandoned the charge. The bar of the panel (or, as you would call it, the dock) was raised, and the dazed, half unconscious man was let free and was taken possession of by his faithful wife.

"Next Sunday James Crombie was in the kirk in his usual seat. After public worship the kirk-session met according to wont, and James came and stood by the door of the pew which he had so often entered of right as a respected elder of the congregation. The elders and myself judged that in the circumstances he might be permitted to resign *simpliciter,* and so denude

himself of the office which he was no longer worthy to hold. But no; James insisted on drinking the bitter cup to its dregs. 'I have been latten off ae punishment,' said he, 'oh, ye that I ance cud call brethren, but I maun dree this weird tae the verra end.' He was immovable. So next Sabbath day a Presbytery meeting was convened in the kirk down yonder, and James Crombie was formally deposed from the office of the eldership in the face of the congregation. With his fine bare head bent meekly downwards he went out from our midst, his faithful wife guiding his footsteps. Next week the couple sailed for America. The ship was lost on the coast of Ireland, and not a soul was saved."

It was with difficulty that the old minister reached what I took to be the conclusion of his melancholy story. He rose from the turf seat, and walked with hasty steps down the slope through the rough grass, and among the whin bushes. I followed him at a short interval, unwilling to interrupt his meditations, and we went on in this order till we came within a little distance of the graveyard wall. Here the minister halted and faced about. Waiting until I came up, he abruptly burst again into speech:—

"It was several years after this," he said, "that a woman came to the manse and told me that I was wanted up at the steading on the shoulder of the hill. Crombie's farm had been incorporated into a neighbouring one, and the buildings the ruins of which we have

just left, remained unoccupied and were gradually becoming dilapidated. With some curiosity I went up the hill, and crossing the threshold from which the door-posts had rotted away, I entered the once-familiar kitchen. At first there seemed no sign of life in the place, but a low moaning drew me towards the chimney corner. There, all along on the earthen floor, in a huddled mass of draggled, tawdry finery lay a female form face downwards. I stooped, raised the passive head, and turned it to the light. For a little time I gazed on the lineaments, worn, wild, yet beautiful as they were, without recognition; then, as the eyes opened, the awful conviction dawned on me that in this poor wreck, this waif and stray of shattered and blighted womanhood, I was looking upon none other than Isabel Crombie. She recognised me, too, seemingly, after a little while, for she began in a low broken tone to repeat scraps of the Shorter Catechism and the texts of Scripture on which I had been wont to question her in the Sabbath school and on my season visitations. Then her mood suddenly changed, and, sitting up with wild, distorted face and arms thrown frantically about, she burst into a torrent of raving oaths and blasphemy such as curdled the blood in my veins. This outburst of horrible language lasted for a few minutes, and then the mood changed again, and she began to rock herself to and fro as if she were dandling an infant, crooning at the same time a low lullaby song. Finally she sank in a state of syncope, and then I sent the woman

who had fetched me for a couple of neighbours, and we had her carried to the nearest house. There she lay some days, evidently dying fast. Hers was the sad old story, so old in the hisory of womanhood that I need not name it to you. It was a curious coincidence that while she was lying there fading out of the world, a letter came to me from a chaplain of the Scutari Hospital intimating that Private John Farquharson of the Scots Greys, had died in that hospital on a day stated, of desperate wounds received in the heavy cavalry charge at Balaclava. We spared the poor wretch this last drop of the cup she had poured herself out. Halt! or you will tread on her grave."

VI.

MY SERVANTS ON CAMPAIGN.

ANDREAS.

THERE is an undoubted fascination in the picturesque and adventurous life of the war-correspondent. One must, of course, have a distinct bent for the avocation, and if he is to succeed he must possess certain salient attributes. He must expose himself to rather greater risks than fall to the lot of the average fighting man, without enjoying any of the happiness of retaliation which stirs the blood of the latter; the correspondent must sit quietly on his horse in the fire, and while watching every turn in the battle, must wear an aspect suggesting that he rather enjoyed the storm of missiles than otherwise. When the fighting is over the soldier, if not killed, can generally eat and sleep; ere the echoes of it are silent the correspondent of energy—and if he has not energy he is not worth his salt—must already be galloping his hardest towards the nearest telegraph wire, which, as like as not, is a hundred miles distant. He must "get there" by hook or by crook, in a minimum of time; and as soon as his message is on the wires he must be hurrying back to the army, else he may chance to miss the great battle of the war.

The career, no doubt, has some incidental drawbacks. General Sherman threatened to hang all the correspondents found in his camp after a certain day, and General Sherman was the kind of man to fulfil any threat he made. But the casual obstructions, half irritating, half comic, to which he may be subjected, do not bother the war-correspondent of the Old World nearly as much as do the foreign languages which, if he is not a good linguist, hamper him every hour of every day. He really should possess the gift of tongues. But how few in the nature of things can approximate to this polyglot versatility. I own myself to be a poor linguist, and have many and many a time suffered for my dulness of what the Scots call "up-take." It is true I know a little French and German, and could express my wants, with the aid of pantomine, in Russian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Servian, Spanish, Turkish, Hindostanee, Pushtoo, and Burmese, every word of which smatterings I have long since forgotten. But the truth is that the poorest peoples in the world in acquiring foreign languages are the English and French; the readiest are the Russians and Americans. It was after a fashion a liberal education to listen to the fluency in some half-dozen languages of poor MacGahan, the "Ohio boy" who graduated from the plough to be perhaps the most brilliant war-correspondent of modern times. His compatriot and colleague, Frank Millet, seemed to pick up a language by the mere accident of finding himself on the soil where it was spoken. In the first three days

after crossing the Danube into Bulgaria, Millet went about with book in hand gathering in the names of things at which he pointed, and jotting down each acquisition in the book. On the fourth day he could swear in Bulgarian, copiously, fervently, and with a measure of intelligibility. Within a week he had conquered, roughly, the uncouth tongue. As he voyaged lately down the Danube from source to mouth, charmingly describing the scenic panorama of the great river for the pages of *Harper's,* the readers of these sketches cannot have failed to notice how Millet talked to German, Hungarian, Servian, Bulgarian, Roumanian, and Turk, each in his own tongue, those languages having been acquired by him during the few months of the Russo-Turkish War.

By this time the reader may be wondering where "Andreas" comes in. Perhaps I have been over long in getting to my specific subject; but I will not be discursive any more. It was at the table d'hôte in the Serbische Krone Hotel in Belgrade, where I first set eyes on Andreas. In the year 1876 Servia had thought proper to throw off the yoke of her Turkish suzerain, and to attempt to assert her independence by force of arms. But for a very irregularly paid tribute she was virtually independent already, and probably in all Servia there were not two-hundred Turks. But she ambitiously desired to have the name as well as the actuality of being independent; the Russians helped her with arms, officers, and volunteer soldiers; and when I

reached Belgrade in May of the year named, there had already been fighting in which the Servians had by no means got the worst. No word of the Servian tongue had I; and it was the reverse of pleasant for a war-correspondent in such a plight to learn that outside of Belgrade nobody, or at least hardly anybody, knew a word of any other language than his native Servian. As I ate I was attended by an assiduous waiter whose alertness and anxiety to please were very conspicuous. He was smart with quite un-Oriental smartness; he whisked about the tables with deftness; he spoke to me in German, to the Russian officers over against me in what I assumed was Russian, to the Servians dining behind me in what I took to be Servian. I liked the look of the man; there was intelligence in his aspect. One could not call him handsome, but there was character in the keen black eye, the high features, and the pronounced chin fringed on each side by bushy black whiskers.

I had brought no servant with me; the average British servant is worse than useless in a foreign country, and the dubiously-polyglot courier is a snare and a deception on campaign. I had my eye on Andreas for a couple of days, during which he was of immense service to me. He seemed to know and stand well with everyone in Belgrade. It was he, indeed, who presented me in the restaurant to the Prime Minister and the Minister for War, who got together for me my field necessaries, who helped me to buy my horses, and who narrated to

me the progress of the campaign so far as it had gone. On the third day I had him in my room and asked whether he would like to come with me into the field as my servant. He accepted the offer with effusion; we struck hands on the compact; he tendered me credentials which I ascertained to be extremely satisfactory; and then he gave me a little sketch of himself. It was somewhat mixed, as indeed was his origin. Primarily he was a Servian, but his maternal grandmother had been a Bosniak, an earlier ancestress had been in a Turkish harem, there was a strain in his blood of the Hungarian zinganee—the gipsy of Eastern Europe, and one could not look at his profile without a suspicion that there was a Jewish element in his pedigree. "A pure mongrel," was what a gentleman of the British Agency termed Andreas, and this self-contradictory epithet was scarcely out of place.

Andreas turned out well. He was as hardy as a hill-goat, careless how and when he ate, or where he slept, which, indeed, was mostly in the open. It seemed to me that he had cousins all over Servia, chiefly of the female persuasion, and I am morally certain that the Turkish strain in his blood had in Andreas its natural development in a species of *fin-de-siècle* polygamy. Sherman's prize "bummer" was not in it with Andreas as a forager. At first, indeed, I suspected him of actual plundering, so copiously did he bring in supplies, and so little had I to pay for them; but I was not long in discovering that all kinds of produce were dirt cheap

in Servia, and that as I could myself buy a lamb for a shilling, it was not surprising that Andreas, to the manner born, could easily obtain one for half the money. He was an excellent horse-master, and the stern vigour with which he chastised the occasional neglect of the cousin whom he had brought into my service as groom, was borne in upon me by the frequent howls which were audible from the rear of my tent. There was not a road in all Servia with whose every winding Andreas was not conversant, and this "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of his was often of great service to me. He was a light-weight and an excellent rider; I have sent him off to Belgrade with a telegram at dusk, and he was back again within less than twenty hours, after a gallop of quite a hundred miles.

No exertion fatigued him; I never saw the man out of humour. There was but one matter in regard to which I ever had to chide him, and in that I had perforce to let him have his own way, because I do not believe that he could restrain himself. He had served the term in the army which is, or was then, obligatory on all Servians; and on the road or in camp he was rather more of a "peace-at-any-price" man than ever was the late Mr. John Bright himself. When the first fight occurred Andreas claimed to be allowed to witness it along with me. I demurred; he might get hit; and if anything should happen to him what should I do for a servant? At length I gave him the firm order to remain in camp; aud started myself with the groom

behind me on my second horse. The fighting occurred eight miles from camp; and in the course of it, leaving the groom in the rear, I had accompanied the Russian General Dochtouroff into a most unpleasantly hot place, where a storm of Turkish shells was falling in the effort to hinder the withdrawal of a disabled Servian battery. I happened to glance over my shoulder, and lo! Andreas on foot was at my horse's tail, obviously in a state of ecstatic enjoyment of the situation. I peremptorily ordered him back, and he departed sullenly, calmly strolling along the Turkish line of fire. Just then, it seemed, Tchernaieff, the Servian commander-in-chief, had ordered up a detachment of infantry to take in flank the Turkish guns. From where we stood I could discern the Servian soldiers hurrying forward close under the fringe of a wood near the line of retirement along which Andreas was sulking. Andreas saw them too, and retreated no step farther, but cut across to them snatching up a gun as he ran; and the last I saw of him was while he was waving on the militiamen with his billycock, and loosing off an occasional bullet, while he emitted yells of defiance against the Turks which might well have struck terror into their very marrow. Andreas came into camp at night very streaky with powder stains, minus the lobe of one ear, uneasy as he caught my eye, yet with a certain elateness of mien. I sacked him that night, and he said he didn't care and that he was not ashamed of himself. Next morning as I was rising, he rushed into the tent, knelt down, clasped

my knees, and bedewed my ankles with his tears. Of course I reinstated him; I couldn't do without him and I think he knew it.

But I had yielded too easily. Andreas had established a precedent. He insisted in a quiet, positive manner on accompanying me to every subsequent battle; and I had to consent, always taking his pledge that he would obey the injunctions I might lay upon him. And, as a matter of course, he punctually and invariably violated that pledge when the crisis of the fighting was drawing to a head, and just when this "peace-at-any-price" man could not control the bloodthirst that was parching him.

One never knows how events are to fall out. It happened that this resolution on the part of Andreas to accompany me into the fights once assuredly saved my life. It was on the day of Djunis, the last battle fought by the Servians. In the early part of the day there was a good deal of scattered woodland fighting in front of the entrenched line, which they abandoned when the Turks came on in earnest. Andreas and I were among the trees trying to find a position from which something was to be seen, when all of a sudden I, who was in advance, plumped right into the centre of a small scouting party of Turks. They tore me out of the saddle, and I had given myself up for lost—for the Turks took no prisoners, their cheerful practice being to slaughter first and then abominably to mutilate—when suddenly Andreas dashed in among my captors, shouting aloud

in a language which I took to be Turkish, since he bellowed "Effendi" as he pointed to me. He had thrown away his billycock and substituted a fez, which he afterwards told me he always carried in case of accidents, and in one hand he waved a dingy piece of parchment with a seal dangling from it, which I assumed was some obsolete firman. The result was truly amazing and the scene had some real humour in it. With profound salaams the Turks unhanded me, helped me to mount, and as I rode off at a tangent with Andreas at my horse's head, called after me what sounded like friendly farewells. When we were back among the Russians—I don't remember seeing much of the Servians later on that day—Andreas explained that he had passed himself off for the Turkish dragoman of a British correspondent whom the Padishah delighted to honour, and that after expressing a burning desire to defile the graves of their collective female ancestry, he had assured my captors that they might count themselves as dead men if they did not immediately release me. To his ready-witted conduct I undoubtedly owe the ability to write now this record of a man of curiously complicated nature.

When the campaign ended with the Servian defeat at Djunis, Andreas went back to his head-waitership at the Serbische Krone in Belgrade. Before leaving that capital I had the honour of being present at his nuptials, a ceremony the amenity of which was somewhat disturbed by the violent incursion into the sacred edifice

of sundry ladies, all claiming to have prior claims on the bridegroom of the hour. They were, however, placated, and subsequently joined the marriage feast in the great arbour behind the Krone. Andreas faithfully promised to come to me to the ends of the earth on receipt of a telegram, if I should require his services and he were alive.

Next spring the Russo-Turkish war broke out, and I hurried eastward in time to see the first Cossack cross the Pruth. I had telegraphed to Andreas from England to meet me at Bazias, on the Danube below Belgrade. Bazias is the place where the railway used to end and where we took steamer for the Lower Danube. Andreas was duly on hand, ready and serviceable as of old, a little fatter and a trifle more consequential than when we had last parted. He was, if possible, rather more at home in Bucharest than he had been in Belgrade, and recommended me to Brofft's Hotel, in comparison with which the charges of the Savoy on the Thames Embankment or the Waldorf in New York are infinitesimal. He bought my waggon and team for me; he found riding-horses when they were said to be unprocurable; he constructed a most ingenious tent of which the waggon was, so to speak, the roof-tree; he laid in stores, arranged for relays of couriers, and furnished me with a coachman in the person of a Roumanian Jew, who, he one day owned, was a distant connection, and whose leading attribute was that he could survive more sleep than any other

human being I have ever known. We took the field auspiciously, Mr. Frederic Villiers, the war artist of the London *Graphic,* being my campaigning comrade. Thus early I discerned a slight rift in the lute. Andreas did not like Villiers, which showed his bad taste or rather, perhaps, the concentratedness of his capacity of affection; and I fear Villiers did not much like Andreas, whom he thought too familiar. This was true, and it was my fault; but it really was with difficulty that I could bring myself to treat Andreas as a servant. He was more, to my estimation, in the nature of the confidential major-domo, and to me he was simply invaluable. Villiers had to chew his moustache and glower discontentedly at Andreas.

I had some good couriers for the conveyance of despatches back across the Danube to Bucharest, whence everything was telegraphed to London; but they were essentially fair-weather men. The casual courier may be alert, loyal, and trustworthy, he may be relied on to try his honest best, but it is not to be expected of him that he will greatly dare and count his life but as dross when his incentive to enterprise is merely filthy lucre. But I could trust Andreas to dare and to endure, to overcome obstacles, and, if man could, to "get there," where in the base-quarters in Bucharest, the amanuenses were waiting to copy out in round hand for the foreign telegraphist the rapid script of the correspondent scribbling for life in the saddle or the cleft of a commanding tree while the shells were whistling past. We missed

Andreas dreadfully when he was gone. Even Villiers, who liked good cooking, owned to thinking long for his return. For in addition to his other virtues, Andreas was a capital cook. It is true that his courses had a habit of arriving at long and uncertain intervals. After a dish of stew, no other viands appearing to loom in the near future, Villiers and myself would betake ourselves to smoking, and perhaps on a quiet day would lapse into slumber. From this we would be aroused by Andreas to partake of a second course of roast chicken, the bird having been alive and unconscious of its impending fate when the first course had been served. No man is perfect, and as regarded Andreas there were some petty spots on the sun. He had, for instance, a mania for the purchase of irrelevant poultry and for accommodating the fowls in our waggon tied by the legs, against the day of starvation, which he always, but causelessly, apprehended. I do not suppose any reader has ever had any experience of domestic poultry as bedfellows, and I may caution him earnestly against making any such experiment.

I do not know whether it is a detraction from Andreas's worth to mention that another characteristic of his was the habit of awaking us in the still watches of the night, for the purpose of imparting his views on recondite phases of the great Eastern question. But how trivial were such peccadilloes in a man who was so resolute not to be beaten in getting my despatch to the telegraph wire that once, when a large section of

the bridge across the Danube was sunk, he swam nearly half across the great river, from the right bank to the island in mid-stream whence the bridge to the left bank was passable! Andreas became quite an institution in the Russian camp. When Ignatieff, the Tzar's intimate, the great diplomatist who has now curiously fizzled out, would honour us by partaking sometimes of afternoon tea in our tent, he would call Andreas by his name and address him as "Molodetz!" the Russian for "Brave fellow!" In the Servian campaign Dochtouroff had got him the Takova Cross, which Andreas sported with great pride; and Ignatieff used to tell him that the Tzar was seriously thinking of conferring on him the Cross of St. George, badinage which Andreas took in dead earnest. MacGahan used gravely to entreat him to take greater care of his invaluable life, and hint that if any calamity occurred to him the campaign would *ipso facto* come to an end. Andreas knew that MacGahan was quizzing him, but it was exceedingly droll how he purred and bridled under the light touch of that genial humorist, whose merits his countrymen, to my thinking, have never adequately recognised. The old story of a prophet having scant honour in his own country!

After the long strain of the desperate but futile attack made by the Russians on Plevna in the early part of the September of the war, I fell a victim to the malarial fever of the Lower Danube, and had to be invalided back to Bucharest. The illness grew upon me

and my condition became very serious. Worthy Andreas nursed me with great tenderness and assiduity in the lodgings to which I had been brought, since they would not accept a fever patient at Brofft's. After some days of wretchedness I became delirious and of course lost consciousness; my last recollection was of Andreas wetting my parched lips with lemonade. When I recovered my senses and looked out feebly, there was nobody in the room. How long I had been unconscious, I had no idea. I lay there in a half-stupor till evening, unable from weakness to summon any assistance. In the dusk came the English doctor who had been attending me. "Where is Andreas?" he asked. I could not tell him. "He was here last night," he said—"you have been delirious for seven days." The woman of the house was summoned. She had not seen Andreas since the previous night, but, busy about her own domestic affairs, had no suspicion until she entered the room that Andreas was not with me still.

Andreas never returned. It appeared that he had taken away at least all his own belongings.

I saw him once again before I left Bucharest, but he seemed to shun me. I believed at the time that there were grave reasons why he should do so; but it is possible that he did not deserve the suspicions I could not help entertaining. Anyhow I never can forget that he saved my life among the pine trees of Djunis.

JOHN.

GOA is a forlorn and decayed settlement on the south-west coast of Hindustan, the last remaining relic of the once wide dominions of the Portuguese in India. Its inhabitants are of the Roman Catholic faith, ever since in the sixteenth century St. Francis Xavier, the colleague of Loyola in the foundation of the Society of Jesus, baptised the Goanese *en masse.* Its once splendid capital is now a miasmatic wreck, its cathedrals and churches are ruined and roofless, and only a few black nuns remain to keep alight the sacred fire before a crumbling altar. Of all European nations the Portuguese have mingled most with the dusky races over which they held dominion, with the curious result that the offspring of the cross is darker in hue than the original coloured population. To-day the adult males of Goa, such of them as have any enterprise, emigrate into less dull and dead regions of India, and are found everywhere as cooks, ship-stewards, messengers, and in similar menial capacities. They all call themselves Portuguese and own high-sounding Portuguese surnames. Domingo de Gonsalvez de Soto will cook your curry and Pedro de Guiterrez is content to act as dry nurse to your wife's babies. The vice of those dusky noblemen is their addiction to drink.

The better sort of those self-expatriated Goanese are eager to serve as travelling servants, and when you

have the luck to chance on a reasonably sober fellow no better servant can be found anywhere. Being a Christian he has no caste, and has no religious scruples preventing him from wiping your razor after you have shaved, or from eating his dinner after your shadow has happened to fall across the table. In Bombay there is a regular club or society of those Goanese travelling servants; and when the transient wayfarer lands in that city from the Peninsular and Oriental mail-boat, one of the first things he is advised to do is to send round to the "Goa Club" and desire the secretary to send him a travelling servant. The result is a lottery. The man arrives, mostly a good-looking fellow, tall and slight, of very dark olive complexion, with smooth glossy hair, large soft eyes, and well-cut features. He produces a packet of chafed and dingy testimonials of character from previous employers, all full of commendation and not one of which is worth the paper it is written on, because the good-natured previous employers were too soft of heart to speak their mind on paper. If by chance a stern and ruthless person has characterised Bartolomeo de Braganza as drunken, lazy, and dishonest, Bartolomeo, who has learnt to read English, promptly destroys the "chit" and the stern man's object is thus frustrated. But you must take the Goa man as he comes, for it is a law of the society that its members are offered in strict succession as available, and that no picking and choosing is to be allowed. When with the Prince of Wales during his tour in India, the man who

fell to me—good, steady, honest Francis—was simply a dusky jewel. My comrade Mr. Henty, the boys' friend, rather crowed over me because Domingo his man, seemed more spry and smarter than did my Francis. But Francis had often to attend on Henty as well as myself, when Domingo the quick-witted was lying blind drunk at the back of the tent; and once and again I have seen Henty carrying down on his back to the departing train the unconscious servant on whom at the beginning he had congratulated himself.

In the summer of 1878 Shere Ali, the old Ameer of Afghanistan, took it into his head to pick a quarrel with the Viceroy of British India. Lord Lytton was always spoiling for a fight himself, and thus there was every prospect of a lively little war. If war should occur it was my duty to be in the thick of it, and I reached Bombay well in time to see the opening of the campaign. Knowing the ropes, within an hour of landing I sent to the "Goa Club" for a servant, begging that if possible I might have worthy Francis, who had fully satisfied me during the tour of the Prince. Francis was not available, and there was sent me a tall, prepossessing-looking young man, who presented himself as "John Assisis de Compostella de Crucis" but who was quite content to answer to the name of "John."

John seemed a capable man, but was occasionally muzzy. After visiting Simla, the headquarters of the Viceroy, I started for the frontier where the army was mustering. On the way down I spent a couple of days

at Umballa to buy kit and saddlery. The train by which I was going to travel up country was due at Umballa about midnight. I instructed John to have everything ready at the station in good time, and went to dine at the mess of the Carbineers. In due time I reached the station accompanied by several officers of that fine regiment. The train was at the platform; my belongings I found in a chaotic heap crowned by John fast asleep, who when awakened proved to be extremely drunk. I could not dispense with the man; I had to cure him. I gave him then and there a considerable beating. A fatigue party of Carbineers pitched my kit into the luggage van and threw John in after it. Next day he was sore but penitent; he was redeemed without resorting to the chloride of gold cure, and, in his case, at least, I was quite as successful a practitioner as any Dr. Keeley could have been. John de Compostella, etc., was a dead sober man during my subsequent experience of him, at least till close on the time we parted.

And, once cured of fuddling, he turned out a most faithful fellow. He lacked the dash of Andreas, but he was as true as steel. In the attack on Ali Musjid in the throat of the Khyber Pass, the native groom who was leading my horse behind me became demoralised by the rather heavy fire of big cannon balls from the fort; and he skulked to the rear with the horse. John had no call to come under fire, since the groom was specially paid for doing so; but, abusing the latter for

a coward in the expressive vernacular of India, he laid hold of the reins and was up right at my back just as the close musketry fighting began. He took his chances through it manfully, had my pack pony up within half an hour after the fighting was over, and before the darkness fell had cooked a capital little dinner for myself and a comrade whose commissariat had gone astray. Next morning the fort was found evacuated. I determined to ride back down the pass to the field-telegraph post at its mouth. The general wrote in my note-book a telegram announcing the good news to the Commander-in-Chief; and poor Cavagnari the political officer, who was afterwards massacred at Cabul, wrote another message to the same effect to the Viceroy. I expected to have to walk some distance to our bivouac of the night, but lo! as I turned to go, there was John with my horse close up.

In one of the hill expeditions, the advanced section of the force I accompanied had to penetrate a narrow and gloomy pass which was beset on both sides by swarms of Afghans, who slated us severely with their long-range jezails. With this leading detachment there somehow was no surgeon, and as men were going down and something had to be done, it devolved upon me as having some experience in this kind of work in previous campaigns, to undertake a spell of amateur surgery. John behaved magnificently as my assistant. With his light touch and long lissom hands, the fellow seemed to have a natural instinct for successful bandaging. I

was glad that we could do no more than bandage and that we had no instruments, else I believe that John would not have hesitated to undertake a capital operation. As for the Afghan bullets, he did not shrink as they splashed on the stones around him; he did not treat them with disdain; he simply ignored them. The soldiers swore that he ought to have the war medal for the good and plucky work he was doing, and a major protested that, if his full titles which John always gave when his name was asked by a stranger had not been so confoundedly long, he would have asked the general to mention the Goa man in despatches. John liked war, but he was not fond of the rapid changes of temperature up on the "roof of the world" in Afghanistan. During one twenty-four hours at Jellalabad we had one man killed at noon by a sunstroke, and another frozen to death on sentry duty in the night. On Christmas morning when I rose at sunrise the thermometer was far below freezing-point; the water in the brass basin in my tent was frozen solid and I was glad to wrap myself in furs. At noon the thermometer was over a hundred in the shade, and we were all so hot as to wish with Sydney Smith that we could take off our flesh and sit in our bones. John was delighted when, as there seemed no immediate prospect of further hostilities in Afghanistan, I departed therefrom to pay a visit to King Theebaw of Burma, who has since been disestablished. When in his capital of Mandalay, there came to me a telegram from England informing me of the massacre

by the Zulus of a thousand British soldiers at Isandlwana in South Africa, and instructing me to hurry thither with all possible speed. John had none of the Hindoo dislike to cross the "dark water," and he accompanied me to Aden, where we made connection with a potty little steamer which called into every paltry and fever-smelling Portuguese port all along the east coast of Africa, and at length dropped us at Durban, the seaport of the British colony of Natal in South Africa and the base of the warlike operations against the Zulus.

There are many Hindoos engaged on the Natal sugar plantations, and in that particularly one-horse colony every native of India is known indiscriminately by the term of "coolie." John, it was true, was a native of India, but he was no "coolie;" he could read, write, and speak English, and was altogether a superior person. I would not take him up country to be bullied and demeaned as a "coolie," and I made for him an arrangement with the proprietor of my hotel that during my absence John should help to wait in his restaurant. During the Zulu campaign I was abominably served by a lazy Africander and a yet more lazy St. Helena boy. When Ulundi was fought and Cetewayo's kraal was burned, I was glad to return to Durban and take passage for England. John, I found, had during my absence become one of the prominent inhabitants of Durban. He had now the full charge of the hotel restaurant—he was the centurion of the dinner-table with men under him to whom he said, "Do this," and they did

it. His skill in dishes new to Natal, especially in curries, had crowded the restaurant, and the landlord had taken the opportunity of raising his tariff. He came to me privily and said frankly that John was making his fortune for him, that he was willing to give him a share in his business in a year's time if he would but stay, and meanwhile was ready to pay him a stipend of forty rupees a week. The wage at which John served me—and I had been told that I was paying him extravagantly—was twenty-two rupees a month. I told the landlord that I should not think of standing in the way of the man's prosperity, but would rather influence him in favour of an opportunity so promising. Then I sent for John, explained to him the hotel-keeper's proposal, and suggested that he should take time to think the matter over. John wept. "I no stay here, master, not if it was hundred rupees a day! I go with master; I no stop in Durban!" Nothing would shake his resolve, and so John and I came to England together.

The only thing John did not like in England was that the street-boys insisted on regarding him as a Zulu, and treated him contumeliously accordingly. His great delight was when I went on a round of visits to country houses, and took him with me as valet. Then he was the hero of the servants' halls. I will not say that he lied, but from anecdotes of him that occasionally came to my ears, it would seem that he created the impression that he had frequently waded knee-deep in gore,

and that he was in the habit of contemplating with equanimity battle-fields littered with the slaughtered combatants. John was quite the small lion of the hour. He had very graceful ways and great skill in making tasteful bouquets. These he would present to the ladies of the household when they came downstairs of a morning, with a graceful salaam and the expression of a hope that they had slept well. The spectacle of John, seen from the drawing-room windows of Chevening, Lord Stanhope's seat in Kent, as he swaggered across the park to church one Sunday morning in frock-coat and silk hat with a buxom cook on one arm and a tall and lean lady's-maid on the other, will never be effaced from the recollection of those who witnessed it with shrieks of laughter.

In those days I lived in a flat, my modest establishment consisting of an old female housekeeper and John. For the most part my two domestics were good friends, but there were periods of estrangement during which they were not on speaking terms; and then they sat on opposite sides of the kitchen table, and communicated with each other exclusively by written notes of an excessively formal character passed across the table. This stiffness of etiquette had its amusing side but was occasionally embarrassing, since neither domestic was uniformly intelligible with the pen. The result was that sometimes I got no dinner at all. At other times when I was dining alone, the board groaned with the profusion, and sometimes when I had company there would

not be enough to go round; these awkwardnesses arising from the absence of a good understanding between my two servants. I could not part with the old female servant, and I began rather to tire of John, whose head had become considerably swollen because of the notice which had been taken of him. It was all very well to be in a position to gratify ladies who were giving dinner-parties and who wrote me pretty little notes asking for the loan for a few hours of John, to make that wonderful prawn curry of which he had the sole recipe. But John used to return from that culinary operation very late, and with indications that his beverage during his exertions had not been wholly confined to water. To my knowledge he had a wife in Goa, yet I feared he had his flirtations here in London. Once I charged him with inconstancy to the lady in Goa, but he repudiated the aspersion with the quaint denial, "No, master, plenty ladies are loving me, but I am not loving no ladies!"

However, I had in view to spend a winter in the United States, and I resolved to send John home. He wept copiously when I told him of this resolve, and professed his anxiety to die in my service. But I remained firm and reminded him that he had not seen his wife in Goa for nearly three years. That argument appeared to carry little weight with him; but he tearfully submitted to the inevitable. I made him a good present, and obtained for him from the Peninsular and Oriental people a free passage from Bombay with wages

besides, in the capacity of a saloon steward. I saw him off from Southampton; at the moment of parting he emitted lugubrious howls. He never fulfilled his promise of writing to me, and I gave up the expectation of hearing of him any more.

Some two years later I went to Australia by way of San Francisco and New Zealand. At Auckland I found letters and newspapers awaiting me from Sydney and Melbourne. Among the papers was a Melbourne illustrated journal, on a page of which I found a full-length portrait of the redoubtable John, his many-syllabled name given also at full length with a memoir of his military experiences; affixed to which was a facsimile of the certificate of character which I had given him when we parted. It was further stated that "Mr. Compostella de Crucis" was for the present serving in the capacity of butler to a financial magnate in one of the suburbs of Melbourne, but that it was his intention to purchase the goodwill of a thriving restaurant named. Among the first to greet me on the Melbourne jetty was John, radiant with delight and eager to accompany me throughout my projected lecture tour. I dissuaded him in his own interest from doing so; and when I finally quitted the pleasant city by the shore of Hobson's Bay, John was managing with great success a restaurant in Burke Street. I fear, if she is alive, that his wife in Goa is a "grass widow" to this day.

VII.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT IN THE FIELD.

ONE fine morning in August that dashing regiment the 13th Hussars, was marching from Exeter westward to take part in the Dartmoor autumn manœuvres of 1873. The regiment was trotting briskly along a sheltered valley trending up towards the moorland, the horses stepping out gaily after their comfortable night's rest. The colonel was riding at the head of his regiment, and I trotted along by his side on a smart Dartmoor pony. We had just passed a bend in the road, when there slowly upreared himself from behind a heap of stones, a bent, dilapidated man. He looked old before his time, he was round in the shoulders, he was set in the knees, on which were big leather caps for the man was a stone-breaker; but the bent back and the bowed legs straightened themselves after a fashion as the fellow squared himself to his front, and brought up his hand to his forehead in a smart salute. There was a sparkle in the eye of him, and I noticed the trembling of the lower lip as he let his arm fall by his side, while he continued to stand at attention as the regiment defiled past him. "An old trooper, I take it," remarked the

colonel, "shouldn't wonder if he has served in the regiment; did you notice how his lip trembled?" "An old soldier, anyhow, sir," I replied, "for I noticed the dingy medal ribbons on his waistcoat."

Out of the saddle on to the stones, *facilis descensus;* nor is the trooper the only one of us whom the fate, too often self-inflicted, befalls. A man may have fought right gallantly for Queen and country yet still come to a parish job at last in this best of all possible communities of ours, while as yet the wrist, no longer supple for the sword-play, can at least wield the chipping hammer. I felt like having a talk with the old fellow, and so reined aside until the regiment had passed by.

There, opposite to me, he still stood at attention, the gnarled face all working, the tears running down the furrowed cheeks. The veteran—for veteran he clearly was, not of the barrack yard but of the battle-field, for his breast showed the Punjaub and Crimean ribbons, and by Jove! there too was the red ribbon of the "Distinguished Conduct Medal"—tried to pull himself together as he noticed me watching him. "Excuse me, sir," he said—"the old corps, the old corps, sir—never seen it since they invalided me fifteen years ago; and my heart swelled when I caught sight of the white plumes and the old buff facings. Why, sir, I was one of the dozen men that was all the regiment could muster when the remnant of us rallied behind the Heavies after the famous light cavalry charge you may have heard on! I little thought when I came up out

of the valley that day, that I'd ever come to stone-breaking on the roadside. However, there was ne'er a one to recognise me, except it might have been the colonel who was lieutenant of my troop in the Crimea, or old Dr. Shipton who gave me the devil's own dose of physic the night of the Tchernaya."

It is not every day that one finds a man who has earned the medal for "Distinguished Conduct in the Field" breaking stones on the roadside, and I had a great desire to hear the old soldier's story. There was a little beer-house quite close, and I asked the ci-devant light dragoon to come and drink a pint with me and tell me something about himself. He was nothing loath, and presently we were seated on the bench outside the pot-house with a couple of mugs of Devonshire cider in front of us. Then I asked him how he had come by the Distinguished Conduct Medal; whereupon he delivered himself of the following yarn:—

"About the middle of October the cavalry division was pushed on to what you may call the rear front of the allied position before Sevastopol, and was lying in two separate but contiguous brigade camps out on the plain, some little distance beyond Kadikoi. It was an awkward position for a camp, for we had nothing in front of us but the Johnny Turks in the redoubts on the ridge; but that was not our affair. The two brigades had a bit of a make-shift commissary depôt between them, and a few handy men were picked out from the various corps to act as butchers. I was always

ready for work, and volunteered all the readier for the butchering service because I knew that an odd tot of rum came one's way on commissary duty. If you should ever come across any fellows of the old Crimean Light Brigade, just you ask if they remember 'Butcher Jack' of the 13th Light, and you are sure to get your answer. I was as well known in the brigade as old Cardigan himself, and in my way was quite a popular character. I'd have had the stripes again and again if I had only kept straight; but there was too much rum going about for that. About once a week on an average I would be carried shoulder-high to the guard-tent, and over and over again I escaped being tied up to the wheel of the forage-cart, only because I was known for a useful, willing fellow when sober.

"The 24th of October was killing day. Slaughtering was finished and most of us were half-seas over, for there had been extensive transactions between us and the commissary guard—so much beef for so much rum. Paddy Heffernan of the Royals and I had got glorious before we had found time for a wash after our work, and a commissary officer dropped on us and had us both clapped in the guard-tent before you could say 'Knife.' For the time the guard-tent was about as good a place for us as anywhere else; so we did a fair allowance of sleep, wakening up occasionally for a drink out of a bottle which thirsty Paddy had contrived to smuggle in. It was well on for daylight when we fell into a heavy sleep, out of which Cardigan himself

could not have roused us. I have a vague remembrance of having been hustled about in a half-awakened state, and of somebody saying, 'Well, let 'em lie, and be hanged to 'em.'

"It must have been past ten o'clock when we were roused by the noise of a heavy cannonade, which had been going on Lord knows how long. Paddy and I were both half muzzy still, for commissary rum, as you would find if you ever tried the experiment, is not easy tipple to get sober off; but I pulled myself together a bit, opened my eyes, and sat up. To my surprise the guard-tent had been struck, the guard was gone, the camp was levelled and partly packed, and the whole brigade had disappeared. Were we veritably awake, or was all this a crazy dream? We rubbed our eyes, sprang to our feet, and gazed around. What a sight! The slope above us was covered to the ridge with a huge mass of Russian cavalry, the front of which had just been struck by part of the Heavy Brigade—some squadrons of the Greys and Inniskillings. As we stared in bewilderment the Royals came thundering by us on the left at a gallop, heading straight for the Russian mass with loud shouts of 'Gallop, gallop! the Greys are cut off!' and trying to form line on the move. A moment later two squadrons of the 5th Green Horse with Captain Burton at their head, came dashing through the Light Cavalry camp in loose order, tripping over obstacles, caught by tent-ropes and picket-ropes, and unable to get the pace on until clear of the camp. Heffernan and I were both

knocked down by the rush; when we reached our feet again, blest if there were not a lot of Cossacks down in the Heavy Brigade camp on our left, hacking away at the sick horses which had been left in the lines. We had already tried to mount ourselves from the sick horse lines of the Light Brigade, but had found there only two poor brutes, one with a leg like a pillar letter-box, the other down on his side and didn't seem much like rising any more.

"'Let's have a go at thim Cossacks!' cried Heffernan, and you may be sure I was quite agreeable. I shouldered an axe for my weapon, he found a sword somewhere; and in our shirt-sleeves, just in the state we had left off killing overnight and by no means quite sober, we doubled across the interval and went at the Cossacks with a will. There were some nine or ten of them, and they were having what I suppose they thought the amusement all to themselves, for there was not a man left in the camp of the Heavies. Some were jobbing with their lances at the poor wretches of sick horses, others had taken to their swords and were cruelly trying to hamstring the animals. They did not notice Heffernan and myself till we were right on them, and taken unawares they made quite a poor fight of it. I managed a brace of 'em right and left with my axe; Heffernan killed two more with his sword, but got a lance thrust through his sword-arm and was good for nothing more. But the Russkies had enough of us, and what were left of them galloped back to their own

mass. I got what I wanted—that was a mount. He had been ridden by the Russian corporal, who I don't think was a Cossack; for the horse I fell heir to was a handsome, compact little iron-grey, and the saddle was much like our own, not the high-perched cushioned concern on which the Cossacks cock themselves. The Russian trooper must have ridden very short, for until I let the stirrups out ever so many holes my knees were almost up to my nose.

"The moment I got my seat on the little grey nag, I was after the Cossacks a cracker; but their little low-necked cats galloped like the wind, and I only got the axe to bear on one fellow before they mingled with the mass of their fellows. It was just at the moment that the great body of close-packed Russian cavalry began to break up and shirk back out of the hand-to-hand fighting with our chaps. I expected that they would have been pursued, for in a few minutes they were right on the run; and I rammed forward to have a share in the chase. But I suppose the word had been given to stand fast, and let them go and a good riddance. I heard no such order, however—I took deuced good care not to listen; and dodging round the left flank of our people, the rum still fresh in me—for Paddy and I had a refresher after we awoke—I darted right into the thick of the retreating Russians and went to work with the axe in the liveliest way. You see, sir, I had lost all the fun the rest of our fellows had been having, and was bound to make up my leeway somehow or other.

I had a rare time, and, believe me, in a crowd the axe is twice the weapon a sword is; but ultimately I got so wedged and jammed among the Russkies that I could not help but be carried along with them, and quite expected to be made a prisoner. But just then came a cannon-shot from a troop of horse artillery of ours which had come into action on the flank of the flying Russians. It made quite a lane through them on my right, and plumped slap into my little grey horse, which dropped like a stone and I with him. After I had been ridden over by a couple of squadrons of Russian cavalry—the broken tail of the mass—I picked myself up and found no bones broken, although what between swords and horse-hoofs I was chipped a good deal about the head, and what between old and new blood and dirt must have looked rather a ruffian. I had still my axe but was now dismounted, and had to walk back towards where the Heavy Brigade was getting into order again. In trying to keep out of sight, who of all men should spot me but old Scarlett himself, the brigadier.

"'Who the deuce are you?' he asked, with a twist of his long white moustache.

"The rum was still lively in me, and I answered boldly—

"'Private ——, of the Thirteenth Light, sir, butcher to the Light Brigade.'

"'Where the devil have you come from?'

"'I've been pnrsuing the Russian cavalry, sir, and had my horse killed.'

"'Well, I don't wonder now that they ran; you'd scare the dead, not to speak of Russians. Be off, and give your own brigade a turn!'

"I don't wonder that Scarlett turned his nose up at me. I never was a great beauty, and I certainly now showed to disadvantage. I was bare-headed, and my hair must have been like a birch-broom in a fit. I was minus a coat, with my shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder; and my shirt, face and bare arms were all splashed and darkened with blood picked up at the butchering of the day before, to say nothing of the fresher colour just added. A pair of long greasy jack-boots came up to the thigh, and instead of a sword I had the axe over my shoulder at the slope as regimental as you please.

"I caught and mounted a Russian horse but could not see anything of the Light Brigade, so I coolly formed up on the flank of the old Royals. The men roared with laughter at my appearance, and I had not been in position a couple of minutes when up came Johnny Lee the adjutant on his old bay mare at a tearing gallop, and roared to me to 'Go to —— out of that!' So I was 'nobody's child,' and hung about in a lonely sort of way for more than an hour. I was dodging about the top of the ridge, looking down into the further valley in which the Light Brigade was formed up with the

Heavies a bit to their right rear, when I saw an aide-de-camp come galloping down from the headquarter staff on the upland, and deliver an order to Lord Lucan who commanded the cavalry division. Then Lucan went to Cardigan who was in front of the Light Brigade; and a few minutes later I heard Cardigan's loud word of command, 'The line will advance!' and saw the first line of the brigade follow him at a sharp trot. That line consisted of the 17th Lancers and my own regiment, the latter being the right regiment, nearest to myself. Hurrah! I was in for another good thing. Shooting down the gentle slope at speed, I crossed the front of the Heavies and ranged up on the right flank of the right squadron of the old 13th—front rank, you may take your oath. The flanking sergeant stared at me as if I were a ghost, and Captain Jenyns looked over his shoulder at me with something between a scowl and a grin. No doubt I'd have been ordered to the rear promptly enough, only that there was more serious work in hand than disciplining a half-screwed butcher.

"We were under fire from front and both flanks before we had ridden down the valley two hundred yards. You may have heard of Captain Nolan, of the 15th? He was the aide-de-camp who brought down the message ordering our charge from the headquarters staff to Lord Lucan; and now, cavalry officer as he was, I suppose he was keen to take a share in the fun. Little fun it turned out for any of us, sir, least of all

for him. He was out to the front, galloping athwart the right front, and waving his sword and shouting something over his shoulder—Lord knows what it was, or what the poor fellow meant—when a shell lit and burst right before him. A splinter struck him on the left side, his sword dropped from his still uplifted right arm, and the reins fell on his charger's neck. Such an unearthly yell came from the man's lips that the very blood turned in my veins. I believe the life went out of him then and there; but, dead or alive, he still sat straight in position, and the limbs kept their grip of the saddle. The scared horse whisked round and galloped to the rear through the interval I made between the sergeant and myself—the rider with his upraised arm, his ghastly set face, and the blood pouring from his torn chest, yet still square and upright in the saddle. It was the weirdest sight I saw all that day of blood.

"A few horse-lengths more, as it seemed, brought us right into the infernal cross-fire which was tearing our ranks to pieces. Men and horses went down at every stride, and as they fell the survivors closed in and rode straight, burning to have this one-sided devilry ended, and get stroke at an enemy before we were all killed. Men swore bitterly at the measured pace set and kept so obstinately by the chief, cantering along steadily on the thoroughbred chestnut with the white stockings, and neither giving order nor so much as looking over his shoulder since he had uttered the

words, 'The line will advance!' 'By God, he's a wooden man!' the sergeant next me muttered. A squadron leader ranged up alongside of him only to be repressed by the flat of the brigadier's sword laid across his chest. But resolute as he was not to let his command out of hand, there was some human nature in him after all, and as the blasts of shot and shell from the guns in our front struck fiercer and fiercer in our faces, he relented and gradually quickened up to charging pace. Then along the ragged ranks there ran a sort of grunt of satisfaction; the spurs went home and the swords came to the 'right engage.' As for myself, what with the drink in me and the wild excitement of the charge, I went stark mad and sent the Russian horse along at a speed that kept him abreast of the foremost.

"Nearer and nearer we came to the batteries that were vomiting death on us, till I seemed to feel on my cheek the hot reek from the cannon-mouths. The air was full of grape. My sergeant went down with a groan, he and his horse struck at the same moment. At last —thank God!—at last we were there! Cardigan shot forward out of sight in the smoke, head still well up, and heels down as if on parade. With a shout and a wave of his sword Captain Jenyns followed, and right on his heels half-a-dozen of us on the right flank leaped in among the Russian gunners, burning to get satisfaction. I will say for them that they stood manfully to their work. With a blow of my axe I brained a gunner

just as he was clapping the linstock to the touch-hole of his piece; with another sweep of it I felled an officer who was trying to rally some men in rear of the guns; and then what of us were left went slap through the stragglers, cutting and slashing to right and to left, and riding straight at the face of a mass of grey-coated cavalry on their grey horses, in solid formation in rear of the tumbrils and gun-teams. And what happened then, you ask? Well, sir, I know this—that my comrades and I drove right in among the Russian cavalry, and kept thrusting and boring forward through the dense mass. They were round us like a swarm of bees, hustling and stabbing; and we—so far as I could estimate not above a couple of dozen of us to the fore—were hacking and hewing away our hardest, each individual man the heart of a separate fight. I can say this—that I never troubled about guards myself but kept whirling the axe about me, every now and then bringing it down to some purpose; and as often as it fell the Russkies gave ground a trifle, only to crush thicker the next moment. Still, barring a flesh wound or two from the point of a sword or lance, I suffered no harm. They funked coming to close quarters with their blunt old toasting forks, for the axe had a devil of a long reach; and they dursn't use their pistols lest they should hurt one another.

"I have no notion how long I was at this close-quarter business, fighting hard and boring forward

steadily; faith, I half think I might have been there now had I not heard, a little to my right, the word of command, 'Threes about!' Thinks I, if an officer considers it time to go about, a private man like myself has no special call to stop any longer among them grey-coated gentry, the reverse of civil as they are! So I pushed slowly through till I came out on a bit of an open space, where I found a small squadron of the 8th Hussars and a handful of the 17th Lancers in line with the busby-bags. Presently a few fellows of my own corps rallied under Captain Jenyns, and the little force moved off towards the rear. I was sober enough by this time, take my word for it; but the chances of getting back to our own end of the valley did not seem lively, for right in our track three heavy squadrons of Russian Lancers were forming up. So broad was the front they showed that we could not well pass them on either flank if we had a mind to, which we hadn't. Colonel Shewell of the Hussars gave the word and rode straight at their centre, sending their commander to grass and riding over him. Tired as were our horses, we went slap through their ranks as if they had been tissue-paper, and we routed the three squadrons completely at the cost of a few lance-wounds and a slain horse or two.

"The Hussars and Mayow's men of the 17th Lancers kept their ranks fairly unbroken as they rode up the valley unmolested after this last encounter; but we

fellows of the 13th were in worse plight, since, having been of the first line, our horses were more beaten, and of men and horses alike most were wounded more or less severely. So we had to crawl home as best we might through the dead and dying of the advance, the Cossacks hanging viciously on our skirts, and the word being, 'Every man for himself, and God help the hindmost!' A lad of my troop and myself hung together, coaxing along our blown and jaded horses; but at last his horse dropped dead, and he lay wounded and bade me go on and leave him. Poor chap! he was little more than a boy, and I had a mother myself once. Dismounting, I raised him across my pummel, scrambled back into my seat, and was just able to boil up a trot and leave the Cossacks behind. He was a rare plucked one was that little Russian horse; right gamely did he struggle under his double load. And, hurrah! here were the Heavies at last, and we were safe.

"I dropped the lad where the surgeons were at work, and then went and formed up with the poor remnant left of the old 13th; but I wasn't allowed to stay there, such a blackguard as I looked, I suppose, and was ordered off to help shift the camp to a less exposed spot on the upland. The same night a sergeant made a prisoner of me for the crime of breaking out of the guard-tent when confined thereto—a mighty serious military offence, I can tell you. I was neither shot nor flogged, though; for next day I was brought up in front of Lord Lucan, who told me that although he had a

good mind to try me by court-martial, he would let me off this time because of the use I had made of my liberty, and perhaps he would do more for me if I'd promise to keep sober. And that is how, sir, I came by the medal which is the soldier's reward for 'distinguished conduct in the field.'"

VIII.

ON THE OLD WAR-PATH.

Twenty-two Years Afterwards.—The New Frontier.—For a Handful of Cigars.—Tracing the Old Movements.—Vosges-Land.—German Failings — Alsace-Loraine.—Want of Tact and of Manners.—French Everywhere.—The Emperor William's Speculation.—A Vast Graveyard.—St. Privat to-day.—The Monuments.—The English Dead.—Concentrated Hatred.—Where the Old King Slept.—The Battlefield of Sedan.—The Weaver's Cottage.—The Ossuary at Bazeilles —"La Dernière Cartouche."

I.

August, 1892.

It is rather a sorry business for an invalid in quest of health to find himself reduced to dodder about a mineral spring in the self-same region where two-and-twenty years ago in the full heydey of vigour, he was watching the greatest battles of the century, a spectator of the making of history. To the spot where I write the roar of Gravelotte came faintly on the wind, and yesterday I changed trains at that beautiful Nancy into which rode the three audacious Uhlans of whom Leland has written. Looking eastwards, I can discern on the sky-line the "long waving line" of the Vosges range, along whose summits runs the new frontier which alienated Alsace from France. There is scant traffic

now along the fine roads built by the last Napoleon through the passes and over the ridges of the mountain-chain; indeed, there never has been much since that second week of August, 1870, when MacMahon's army, routed at Wörth, came pouring in disorder over the Vosges by every road and hill-track from the "Englisch-Berg" in the north, over the shoulder of the "Schnee-Berg," and southwards as far as the dominant "Schlucht." One detachment took the picturesque hill-road commanded by the old mountain-fortress of Lutzelstein, which, commanding though its position was, made no attempt to stand a siege, and where the French accuse a fellow-countryman of having pointed out to the victors for a handful of cigars, the guns which the garrison had buried. Most of MacMahon's own corps after its first panic-flight from Reichshofen, rallied about Saverne, climbed therefrom to Phalsburg by the famous "Steige," up whose toilsome zigzags had toiled, some sixty years before, an earlier race of French soldiers commemorated in the pages of Erckmann-Chatrian; and thence down into the hither low country by Saarburg, Dieuze and Blamont. By Urmatt and Schirmeck another body crossed the shoulder of the Donon, the mountain of sacrifice of the ancient Celts; and yet another through Markirch—a town so near the old provincial frontier-line that it used to be said of the Markirch people that they "kneaded in Alsace and baked in Lorraine"—over the Riezouard and down on St. Dié. The broken troops who marched through this neighbourhood in disorderly

and undisciplined fashion belonged mostly to the 5th Corps—De Failly's. They were passing from a temporary halt in Charmes across country to Chaumont, whence they were conveyed by train to Châlons there to join the ill-starred army which surrendered at Sedan. To this day the countryfolk tell shudderingly of the disorder and indiscipline of the demoralised troops who, their arms and packs thrown away, their uniforms torn and befouled, their features haggard, straggled over the face of the quiet region plundering and devastating as if in hostile territory.

Apart from its natural beauties of lakes, of shaggy woods climbing the abrupt mountain-faces, of sweet sequestered valleys in which the villages nestle among the foliage; apart, too, from the old-world towns abounding in interesting specimens of mediæval architecture, and from the numerous picturesque and placid little watering-places which shelter themselves in the green recesses of the mountain range, the Vosges country is so full of historical associations as to deserve greater attention on the part of the British tourist than it has hitherto received. There is no region of Europe which will better requite a visit, made with Mr. Henry Wolff's charming book, "The Country of the Vosges," in the wayfarer's hand. It will guide him to spots which come directly into the history of his native land. Up in the northern Vosges are the ruins of the old castle of Trifels where Richard Cœur-de-Lion was imprisoned; and farther south, within the quaint old city of Hagenau,

stood in the fork of the Moder the hoary palace of the Hohenstaufens, in the hall of which the Lion-hearted was put on his trial for alleged "misdeeds;" and where Cœur-de-Lion's nephew, Richard of Cornwall, held his court as "King of the Romans"—in that self-same moated and turreted palace in which for a time his uncle had been treacherously confined as a prisoner. The rugged and primitive "Hanauer Land" among the foothills between Bitche and Saargemünd—a region which is a rolling mass of woodland intersected by green valleys, bright with glittering lakes, and on every peak and bluff the ruin of a castle of the Middle Ages—was centuries ago the appanage of those masterful Counts of Leiningen who were the maternal ancestors of Queen Victoria. In Metz to this day there are traditions of Richard de la Pole the last "White Rose" claimant to the throne of England, who lived there in exile for several years. In the casemates, cells, and hospital of the eyrie-like citadel of Bitche are graven the names of numerous English prisoners of the Napoleonic wars, sent thither from Verdun and other less rigorous places of internment because of turbulent conduct and attempts at escape.

2.

The Germans are a masterful people. They can conquer with a meteoric swiftness; they can hold the conquered region in a vice; they can annex it. Every-

thing that can be done by dint of force and domination they can do. But they strangely lack tact, possessing which they could incorporate and assimilate; and with the best intentions in the world, and the most anxious desire to weld into the German Empire the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, they are to-day farther away from the attainment of their object than when grim but genial old Manteuffel—a Prussian indeed of the Prussians, but an innate gentleman and one who if firm was tactful and considerate—ruled over the conquered provinces as their first Stadtholder. The wise measures which Manteuffel initiated have been zealously carried on by the administrators who have succeeded him; but unfortunately they and their subordinates have substituted the Prussian manners in their most peremptory and rugged methods of expression, for the velvet glove which wise old Manteuffel wore over that iron hand of his. If the Alsatians and Lorrainers had no memories, no prepossessions, no prejudices, no emotions; if in short they were mere soulless chattels, then it might be admitted that the German administration of the two conquered provinces has left nothing to be desired. It may be said with truth that the German Government in Alsace and Lorraine has done and is doing more towards the advancement of the material welfare of the provinces which were torn from France in 1871, than the British rule in India has ever done towards the amelioration of the condition of the native population of that great Empire.

If the Hindoos do not bless us for what we have done in their material interest, the Alsatians and Lorrainers spurn and repudiate every effort on the part of the Germans to benefit them in spite of themselves. The harsh, dictatorial, suspicious Prussian gendarme dominates every scene. The Prussian "blood and iron" is in evidence everywhere. Metz is dragooned into a dumb, lurid, sullen silence by a whole Army Corps of German soldiers, whose massive tramp is constantly sounding by day and by night in the thoroughfares of the old capital of Lorraine, and whose officers with rattling sword-scabbard and jingling spurs hold the "crown of the causeway," and hustle the Messins into the gutter. You may visit any of the quaint little towns of Alsace and Lorraine at fair time, when the venerable old-world place is crammed with the surrounding villagers, trafficking, gossiping—always now in glutinous French—hurrying into and out of the amusement booths, or sitting under the pollards drinking great mugs of beer. Suddenly the brazen clash of military music rises above the miscellaneous din of the fair, and brows knit, hands are clenched, and eyes glare furtively. For the music comes from the band of a Prussian regiment, and the genial and apposite strains it has selected are "Ich bin ein Preusse," or "Die Wacht am Rhein." This is an illustration among many of the tactful and graceful methods resorted to by the Germans in the conquered provinces.

Such an incident as this is a sample of the manner

in which the Germans madden the Alsatians and Lorrainers against them, and destroy much of the impression which else might be wrought by their efforts to benefit the provinces in a material sense. But for such things the amalgamation of the provinces would probably have been complete ere now, instead of being apparently more remote than when the new frontier-line was drawn. For conquerors and conquered are of the same Teutonic stock. The Alsatians racially are Swabians, the Lorrainers Bavarians of the Palatinate. It took the French more than a hundred years of repression to stamp out the German language in Lorraine. Their efforts in the same direction in regard to the Alsatians were arrested by ecclesiastical influence, and German remained the language of Alsace until its annexation to Germany. It may be broadly said that, in spite of identity of race, and in spite of every effort on the part of the Germans to discourage the use of it, the language of Alsace is to-day French, so far as speech in public is concerned —in their homes the people still talk in the familiar language. In the words of Mr. Wolff, the Alsatian speaks French, reckons in French money, reads French papers, affects French dress, French habits, a French style of living, takes an interest in French events, warns you that there are spies about; and on July 14, the day of the National Fête you may see him crossing the frontier, denationalised now though he be, to keep the French festival on French soil. Half at least of the guests at the watering-places in the French Vosges are

Alsatians. At a glance one recognises their prevalence at Vittel and Gérardmer. Yet in the casinos and *buvettes* one never hears a word of German. The unwritten *mot d'ordre* among them is to speak French. But to right and to left of you, through the thin partitions between the bedrooms you may overhear a wife administering a curtain lecture to her spouse in guttural Swabian German, and a husband in the same accents grumbling over the depreciation of landed property in Alsace since the German sway came into force in that once prosperous region. And it is significant of the uncertainty of the future in men's minds, that the land-speculator hesitates to take advantage of the depreciation. The local resident has neither the heart nor the means. But the corn-slopes, the bright meadows, and the rich vineyards, one would imagine, might surely tempt the wealthy Berliner who has made his pile in finance. Yet the only German who has evinced the courage of his opinious in investing in real estate to any great extent in the conquered provinces is the Emperor William, who recently bought cheap—for 100,000 marks—the fine estate of Urville in German Lorraine, the previous owner of which purchased it in 1854 for the eightfold price of a million of francs.

3.

On the 18th of August, 1870, the day of the battle of St. Privat-Gravelotte, the French defensive line from

north of St. Privat to a point a few hundred yards southward of the village of Rozérieulles, had a front of about seven miles in length. This front the German assailants before the lurid night closed in on the bloody day, overlapped by a considerable distance on both flanks. Roughly speaking, then, there is an area of about nine miles in length by about two in breadth which with scarcely a strain on words, may be said to be one great graveyard, wherein rest peacefully side by side the French and German combatants who perished in the long-maintained and bitter strife of that memorable day. Hard by this area constituting at once the battle-ground and the graveyard of Gravelotte, there lies a little distance to the south-west another battle-field with its resultant wide-stretching graveyard—the theatre of that stubborn and desperate struggle fought on August 16th, which is known in history as the battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour. The area of this earlier battle-field is more circumscribed, since the fighting was closer and the combatants were fewer; but the slaughter was yet proportionately greater than that of the succeeding battle, and on the rolling fields of Vionville-Flavigny, Mars-la-Tour, and Tronville the dead lie thicker than on the broader face of the later battle-field. All the village churchyards are filled high with the dead of the two battles: but it was given to comparatively few to rest in consecrated ground. Yet in a sense the whole wide stretch of the battle-fields is consecrated ground—for what holier consecration can

ground receive than from the life-blood of gallant men who died fighting in their country's cause? Plain and slope, ravine and copse, hold everywhere those sacred grave-mounds—some populous with multitudinous dead, others the resting-places of but two or three. All the graves of the battles are maintained decently and in order, their slopes and flat summits trimly sodded, the wild flowers luxuriantly nurtured by what lies below, blooming around the neat white crosses that tell in black letters what brave enemies in life and brothers in the grave moulder side by side. After the war the German authorities entered into an arrangement with the peasant-farmers in whose lands the dead of the battles were buried, that the graves should be maintained for a period of twenty-five years dating from August 1870, after which the owners of the soil should be entitled to plough them in. This compact will run out in 1895*, and if the arrangement for their maintenance be not renewed, the mounds, the encircling hedges, and the white crosses will disappear, and much of the vitally pathetic interest of the Metz battle-fields will fade. It is true that the interest in a measure will be commemorated by the monuments of corps, divisions, brigades, and regiments which stud the fields to the number of sixty-four, and also by the separate graves of some of the fallen officers whose relatives have bought in perpetuity the patches of ground which hold

* I do not know whether this arrangement is being acted on. June, 1895.

their loved ones. And the numerous tombstones of officers and soldiers in the village churchyards will not let fade the vivid memory of those two days of desperate fighting when the parched soil drank in French and German blood, and when the blue sky was dimmed by the smoke of the strife and lurid with the blaze of a hundred raging conflagrations. The Germans insisted on the frontier-line running in a curiously zigzag fashion, so as to include almost the whole theatre of the battle of Gravelotte-St. Privat and the most important section of the battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour; but they left within French territory the vicinity of Mars-la-Tour and Tronville. By an amicable arrangement, German monuments have been erected on French soil, and French monuments on the German side of the frontier; but the French monuments on either ground are comparatively few. There is, indeed, one comprehensive and striking French monument at Mars-la-Tour, at the foot of which on each anniversary of the battle of August 16 solemn religious services are held, attended by old soldiers from every part of France who participated in the fighting, as well as by a vast assemblage of the population of the neighbourhood.

In the massive village of St. Privat the northern extremity of the French line, in which Canrobert maintained himself so tenaciously, the children are playing to-day in the lanes and open spaces where on that lurid evening two-and-twenty years ago, Prussian Guards, soldiers of Saxony, and Canrobert's staunch infantry-

men clashed together in the furious hand-to-hand struggle that virtually ended the battle so far as Prince Frederick Charles's army was concerned. The shell-fire made an utter wreck of the place, strongly built as it was. When I saw St. Privat the day after the battle it was one ghastly blood-bedabbled ruin, amid the smouldering *débris* of which were heaps of dead and a litter of broken and battered weapons and accoutrements. St. Privat smiles again, yet not with wholly unknit brows. For every wall in the place shows where the shell-holes have been plastered up; many of the tombstones in the graveyard where stood the venerable church, remain as they were shattered by the shells, and the old church which the villagers loved was so shattered and riven by shot and fire that it could not be restored. Handsome new churches, both here and lower down at Amanvillers where the old church endured the same fate as that of St. Privat, have been built; but the spick-and-span new structures are not to the conservative habitants what their old holy places were.

Northward of St. Privat, between that village and Roncourt, on ground watered by the blood of the gallant and genial fighting men who had followed the Crown Prince of Saxony in the great turning movement, and who on the afternoon of the great battle struck St. Privat on the flank, stands the monument erected by the Saxon Army Corps to their fallen comrades. It is so ugly as to suggest that Saxon valour is of a higher order than Saxon taste; yet its monstrosity is more than

half redeemed by the appropriate legend graven on its pedestal: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Within a stone's throw of the southern end of St. Privat is the not ineffective monument to the fallen of the Prussian Guard Corps. From its summit the eye can sweep the whole face of the northern battle-field, from the Orne to Vernéville on the southern skyline. Over against us yonder, on the face of the gentle slope gliding down into the nearer gentle hollow, on that awful afternoon of this day twenty-two years ago (I am writing on the spot on the anniversary of the great battle), there thundered incessantly on St. Privat and Amanvillers the long line of German cannon stretching from Vernéville through Habonville, St. Ail, and on beyond St. Marie-aux-Chênes almost to Aboue. And the hither slope at our feet, where the tell-tale hillocks and mounds are so frequent and on whose face so many white crosses gleam in the sunlight, is none other "than the bare, smooth glacis gently rising up to the fortress-like village of St. Privat"—the stretch of terrain on which 6,000 of Prussia's finest soldiery went down in less than twenty minutes. Than that advance there has been nothing more heroic since the day of Fontenoy, when Cumberland's army, heedless of the gunfire doubly enfilading it, pierced Saxe's front. Both efforts were reckless and mistaken; neither quite succeeded; but those conditions no whit detracted from the steadfast heroism of the fighting-men.

Amanvillers, the French centre of the northern battle,

was all but ground into powder by the fire of Manstein's cannon on the swell in front of Vernéville. At Amanvillers, now mostly rebuilt, and discernible far and wide because of the flaring new church which the Germans have built to replace the quaint old edifice which their shell-fire destroyed, is the railway station of the battle-field. From it the road, leaving the French for the German front, slants through a close succession of grave-mounds across the shallow hollow to Vernéville. Yonder on the left is that shoulder of the swell whither the over-ardent Manstein hurried his batteries; in the graves, ranged almost symmetrically in rear of the line of gun-fire, lie the staunch gunners who endured unto death the hurricane of cross-fire that swept the Prussian batteries from Amanvillers and Montigny-la-Grange. Vernéville, picturesquely nestling among its foliage on the slope of the ridge, is a veritable Aceldama. It has for people of our nation a touching interest. Not a few of our countrymen fell on either side in the course of the great war between France and Germany. Britons gave their lives for an alien cause as volunteers in the improvised cohorts of Chanzy and de Paladines. English Winsloe, a lieutenant of Würtemberger cavalry, was the first man slain in the war. Argyleshire Campbell miraculously survived the shattering wounds he received in Bredow's historic "Todtenritt;" the gallant Douglas perished in the cavalry *mêlée* between Mars-la-Tour and Bruville; and "Kit" Pemberton of the Guards, to know

whom was to love him, went down with a bullet through his brain on the red field of Sedan. And at least one woman of our race sacrificed her life in the sacred cause of humanity. In the village graveyard of Vernéville, among the dead of both nations whom while they lived she had tended in the adjacent château wherein were huddled 1,200 wounded men, there sleeps a devoted Englishwoman under the plain stone on which are chiselled the simple words: "In Memory of Henrietta Clarke, Deaconess, from Chiswick, Cumberland, England; Born December 24, 1837; Died October 26, 1870."

From Vernéville the road winds downward through Malmaison, and past the great barn of Mogador, in which during the battle two hundred wounded Frenchmen were burnt alive, into the straggling village of Gravelotte. Tourists are drinking coffee outside the Cheval d'Or, the hotel in front of which on the day before Mars-la-Tour stood the haggard Napoleon, while his troops defiled past him "melancholy and beaten out, without a single shout of 'Vive l'Empereur!';" and whither on the following morning Bazaine brought him a posy of wild flowers as a souvenir of the broken man's fête day. Across the way, in a little room of the house which is now the German post-office, Napoleon spent the night before August 16, on the early morning of which day he drove away to Châlons to yet severer suffering and to the utter wreck at Sedan. About Gravelotte now, the people hate neither the Empire nor the

memory of Napoleon—they concentrate their hatred on the Germans. "They dragoon us," said to me an old villager; "they tax us; they are harsh and brutal; but, thank God, monsieur, they cannot deprive us of the privilege of hoping for better days." After two-and-twenty years one's memory of localities grows dim, and it was in vain that I searched on the outskirts of the village for the place where, on the day of Gravelotte, I saw the dead of both sides built up into barricades from behind which fired the Prussian marksmen. "Voilà, monsieur!" replied to my question a peasant with a wave of the hand; and lo! what I recollected as a great ghastly shamble is now a green and shaded space, where blossoming creepers grow over the crosses above the 3,000 soldier-dead who rest in this now peaceful scene.

From Gravelotte to the field of Mars-la-Tour the high road goes due west through Rézonville, outside of which King Wilhelm sat in suspense as to the issue of the fighting on the right flank, until Moltke brought him at a gallop the tidings of final victory. Farther on the hamlet of Flavigny is seen on the left, the scene of the most desperate fighting of August 16th; and directly in front is the village of Vionville, whence Bredow's devoted charge sped along the green hollow to crash through rank after rank of French infantrymen, and onward and yet on up the gentle slope to the French cannon on the old Roman road on the sky-line. That long, broad, parallelogram on the northern edge of the

road holds all that was mortal of the noble troopers who rode to their death for "King and Fatherland" on that momentous afternoon. Vionville is a long dung-hill village, in a poor house of which King Wilhelm slept on the night after the battle of Gravelotte. There were better houses in the place, but they were all crammed with the wounded of the battle; and the old king was content to occupy a little upper chamber partitioned off from a granary whose wall and roof were full of shell-holes.

Returning through Gravelotte towards Metz the traveller, following the *chaussée*, plunges down into the ravine of the Mance, and then ascends to the great open slope on which occurred the fiercest fighting of the southern battle. Time after time did the soldiers of Steinmetz attempt to crown that slope, to be crushed back time after time by the fire of Frossard's resolute infantrymen. Not even darkness ended the strife, and hand-to-hand struggles broke out at intervals until daylight. The battered farmhouse of St. Hubert is now rehabilitated, but there are only a few ruins where the houses at Point-du-Jour stood before the battle. There are Prussian monuments right up to Point-du-Jour testifying to the daring and determination with which the Germans pushed onward, and not less to the dauntless resolution of the French on the defensive, who over and over again hurled their assailants back from the very lips of their shelter-trenches.

4.

A strange fate has overtaken the battle-field of Sedan. The battle itself, in its phases, and yet more in its results, must rank as the most memorable of European events since Waterloo. In many respects the intrinsic interest of the great struggle around Vauban's old fortress in the Ardennes equals that of the earlier contest in which British valour and constancy shone with so great an effulgence. To this day the field of Waterloo is the most frequented of European battle-grounds. More than three-quarters of a century have elapsed since Wellington and Napoleon confronted each other in the historic arena between Mont St. Jean and La Belle Alliance, and still the Waterloo coaches with full complements of passengers start daily from Brussels. On the other hand, within ten years after the momentous clash of arms around the hoary defences of Sedan, the wide-ranging battle-field around that obsolete fortress had been almost entirely denuded of any visible relic or memento of the struggle which was fought out to the bitter end on its slopes on September 1st, 1870. The graves of the fallen had been ploughed down and sown over in some cases; in others the remains of the dead combatants had been exhumed and removed into the graveyards of the local villages, where their resting-places are unmarked by any memorial.

To-day the pilgrims to the scene of the ruin of French Imperialism are strangely few. "Germans never come," say the innkeepers, and the casual French visitors who do come content themselves with a visit to Bazeilles, which has risen from its bloody ashes and now again is a pretty and prosperous village. The once famous "Weaver's Cottage" on the Donchery road, where in the early morning of September 2nd the broken and dispirited Emperor had the historic interview with Bismarck, is to-day uninhabited and in dilapidation. Its door is locked, and the key is in the possession of the proprietor, a farmer of Carignan. There is no access now to the upstairs room with its windows in the gable, in which Napoleon and Bismarck had their conference. Madame Fournaise, the weaver's widow, is dead years ago. The Château Bellevue, the pretty bourgeois residence of the Sedan wine-dealer to which Bismarck and the cuirassiers escorted Napoleon from the "Weaver's Cottage," is to-day daintier and more picturesque than ever; but it has changed hands, and it is no longer shown to the few applicants who desire to look at the drawing-room where Napoleon and King Wilhelm had their interview, and at the panelled dining-room at the table in which with bitter tears de Wimpfen signed the capitulation of the "Army of Sedan." The present inhabitants of the house profess, indeed, not to know for certain in which apartment it was where the unfortunate French general subscribed that melancholy document,

after which "sad and painful duty" he rode back to Sedan "la mort dans l'âme," to quote his own touching words. One, however, would have more sympathy with Wimpfen but for the circumstance that his ruin was wrought by his own rather self-seeking ambition.

The awful tragedy of Bazeilles is commemorated by a tall monument in the graveyard of that village, erected amicably by Germany and France in combination. Underneath the obelisk is a vaulted ossuary, on each side of the central alley in which are stacked and heaped the skulls and bones of the 3,000 German and French soldiers, who fell in the desperate and prolonged combat that raged in and around Bazeilles from daybreak until late in the afternoon of the great battle, and in the course of which the village became a burnt and bloody wreck. The dead of the two nationalities, now mere bones, rest in the same crypt, but they are not intermingled. The bones of the dead French are built up on the right of the central alley, those of the Germans on the left—a weird and ghastly spectacle. Bazeilles has been long ago rebuilt, and the hum and whirr of its weaving-shuttles are heard along its tortuous lanes. On the outskirt of the village nearest to Sedan is the little wayside cabaret bearing the sign of "La Dernière Cartouche," in and around which was the last fight of the day. It is maintained in the actual condition of dilapidation it presented on the evening of the battle; and is the actual original of De Neuville's famous pic-

ture of the same name. This little place—pierced and ragged as it is with shot and shell, its furniture riddled as are its ceilings, walls, and floors, and its rooms so full of interesting relics as to constitute a real museum —is perhaps the thing of most interest now extant in connection with the battle-field of Sedan.

IX.

SOLDIERS' WIVES.

I CANNOT say that I have had any success in gathering details as to the early history of the wife of the British soldier—when she first became a recognised institution in the Service, and what was the nature of the first privileges accorded to her. So I leave to some one else with better opportunities, the task of dealing with the historical part of the subject, and confine myself to describing what has come under my own observation since I joined her Majesty's Service, with respect to the condition, habits, morality, and manner of life generally of the wife of the British soldier. I should add that it is some considerable time since I quitted the army, and that since then many changes for the better have been effected in regard to the welfare of the soldier's wife. I propose in the first instance to deal with the subject as I was personally cognisant of it; and then to tell of the amelioration in the conditions of the lot of the soldier's wife accomplished or in progress in more recent years.

It was before I became an unit in the muster-roll of Britain's defenders, that the women of the regiment

who were married with leave—technically, "on the strength"—lived almost without exception in the barrack-room among the men. There were commonly a married couple in each room. To the couple, in virtue of long custom, was assigned the corner farthest from the door. No matter what the number in family might be, they were allowed but two single bedsteads and two men's space. No privacy of any kind was accorded the family save what they could contrive for themselves; but the married soldier was wont to rig up around his matrimonial bower an environment of canvas screening something over six feet high, and enclosing an extremely exiguous domain of floor-space in addition to that occupied by the two beds placed together. In most regiments the "woman of the room" cooked for her room-mates at the fireplace thereof, in return for which service it was customary for a "mess" to be allotted to her from the men's rations; for in the days of which I am telling, married couples were entitled to no rations. The married man was put out of mess, and he had wherewithal to maintain himself and his family nothing except his money pay, in addition to anything that the wife might earn.

The mere idea of a married couple living and sleeping in a common room with a dozen or more of single men partitioned off but by a flimsy curtain, is outrageously repulsive to our sense of decency. One may well be struck with wonderment, as certainly was the case with me, that the abominable arrangement should have

been left uninterfered with for so long. When the soldier got married in those times if he were a good fellow he strained, it was true, every effort to acclimatise gradually his wife to the barrack-room when, as was the case in many instances, she was fresh from a quiet country cottage or from service in a respectable family. He was wont to take lodgings outside the barracks for the first week or so of the married life, so that at least the earliest quarter of the honeymoon might be invested with something of the privacy of which there was to be so little afterwards. But old soldiers have told me how they have seen a pure girl brought straight from the marriage service to the barrack-room corner, and the tremor of mortal shame that overwhelmed her. It wore off, as most compulsions of the kind mercifully lose their horror, under exposure to the chafe of custom and necessity; but the bride's blushes for herself fell to be renewed at an after period on the tanned cheeks of the mother.

Children, indeed, were rarely born in the corner; for the woman when her time was near at hand was removed to outside lodgings, where at her husband's charges she tarried for a few days; but in the corner daughters grew from childhood to girlhood with but the screen between them and the men outside of it. When a daughter fell out of place, all the home she had to come to was the corner; and it was nowise uncommon for a grown young woman to sleep therein, on the top of the chest alongside the bed of her parents.

When the family was large, living, or at all events sleeping in the corner was mere pigging, strictly limited as the authorised sleeping accommodation was to the two narrow regulation bedsteads. It was true that the woman used to dispose of her boys in the vacant beds of soldiers who were on duty; but in the case of women-children there was nothing for it but close packing behind the screen.

Bad as all this was—disgusting in theory and repulsive in practice—there were in it, strange as it may seem, some compensatory elements of good. Although the woman had to reconcile herself with what contentment or endurance she might, to a life that perpetually violated almost every instinct of womanhood, she became blunted indeed, but not degraded, in our sense of the term. In proportion as she lived in public, she had the consciousness of being amenable to public opinion as represented by the little world of her room; and lowly as her sphere was, and rough as too often became her manners and her speech, underneath the skin-deep blemishes there mostly lay self-respect and discretion. She would take her share of a gallon of porter at the common table; but she durst not get drunk, conscious as she was of the critics of her conduct around her. And she made the barrack-room more of a home—of a family circle as it were—than it was later in my experience. The men of her room looked upon her in some such light as they would on a relative keeping house for them. On a change of quarters

they always struggled hard to keep their coterie together, with the same abiding woman for its presiding spirit. She humanised the barrack-room with the wholesome influence of her true if somewhat rough womanhood. There was less profanity among the men than seems to exist now; and that habitual expression of obscenity which could not but startle and shock the visitor to the barrack-room of a later period, was almost unknown then, quelled by the fact of the woman being within hearing. Ruffians there were in the Service then as there are now; and an outbreak of foul language occasionally came from the lips of one of them. But he was sternly put down and silenced; if a word from an old soldier and a finger significantly pointed towards the screen did not suffice, a straight left-hander formed a prompt and very convincing argument.

The woman of the room was a kindly, motherly soul to the forlorn "'cruitie;" and she would cheer him up with homely words of encouragement as he sat on his bed-iron, mopingly thinking of his home. She was always obliging if you entreated her civilly, whether to sew on a button or lend a shilling. If she were anything of a scholar, to her fell the office of letter-writer-general for the fellows whose penmanship had been neglected in their early days; and thus she became the repository of not a few little confidences, which she loyally scorned to violate. Sometimes, as an especial favour, she would allow a man to bring his sweetheart on a Sunday afternoon to a modest tea behind the

screen in the corner; and if friends came from a distance to see one of "her men," the married woman was always ready to do her best for the credit's sake of the hospitality of her room. There can be little doubt that fewer scandals were current in those days of the comparatively dark ages about the wives of soldiers than one has known in later periods; and I question much whether, accepting the roughness of the husk as an inevitable element of their situation, the married women who dwelt in the barrack-room corners were not more genuine at the core than are the ladies who more recently have been in habitation in the married quarters.

Besides the evil alluded to there was another that must not be forgotten. Soldiers are very fond of children, but are apt to regard them in the light rather of monkeys than of creatures with souls in their little bodies. So the imps of the period grew up tutored in all manner of precocious evil and mischief—developing a weird precocity in tossing off a basinful of porter, smoking the blackest of pipes, and addicted to fancy swearing of the ugliest kind. Mostly the youngsters either joined the band of the regiment, or went into one of the military schools, where bad habits were sternly dealt with to good purpose; and thus, under the old long-service *régime,* the country had to some extent an hereditary soldiery, not a few from the ranks of which, born at the foot of the regimental ladder, contrived to climb up it no inconsiderable distance.

In the days I am now telling of there were scarcely

any railways except the great trunk lines. When a regiment went on the line of march the women rode in the accompanying baggage waggons, with their brats stowed away in odd corners among the other miscellaneous goods and chattels; and at the halts they shared their husband's billets if the local people were willing to accept them, as, to their credit, they for the most part were. When they were not, the husband had to find quarters for his wife somewhere else. When the funds were low it was customary for married women to be smuggled into the hay-loft above the troop-horses, and sometimes they had even to bivouac on the lee-side of a hedge. To some extent the railways entailed an additional charge on the married soldier's slender purse. He had always to pay for his baggage, for the chest or two, the flock bed—if the couple had got that length of prosperity—and the few feminine belongings which the wife could call her own; but now the husband had to pay for the warrant under which his wife and family were conveyed by rail. Later, however, "baggage funds" were formed in most regiments, the proceeds of which went to meet the travelling charges of the women and children. In the days I refer to, if women had to live outside the barracks because of lack of room inside, there was no allowance in the shape of lodging-money. The first grant of this was made, I think, in 1852, and consisted of one penny a day paid quarterly. It was gradually increased, until now, I believe, the allowance is fourpence a day.

The above may be taken as a rough epitome of the condition of the soldier's wife up to the end of 1848 or the beginning of 1849. About that period, I think be-because of some troubles in the financial world, an exceptional number of better-class men joined the service. Because of the indecency of the barrack-room arrangements then in force, a number of anonymous complaints were sent in to the authorities. Other complaints through the press stimulated public opinion to demand a change, and the authorities in their sluggish fashion gradually complied. The reform was not carried out with any great promptitude, for I knew of women living in the barrack-rooms after the Crimean war. But the change was made in the cavalry regiment to which I belonged so early as in 1849. It was, in effect, a change very little for the better. Into one attic in Christchurch barracks seven families were huddled pell-mell. No better arrangements in the direction of privacy were made than had existed in the common barrack-rooms. Each separate family was curtained off by what may be called private enterprise. There was but one fireplace in the long, low attic, and the women scrambled waspishly over their turns for cooking, and were often forced to have recourse to the fires in the men's barrack-rooms.

The moral and social tone was visibly deteriorated under this arrangement, even below that which had characterised the common barrack-room. The women, congregated as they were and with a weakened check

upon them, were too prone to club for drink; and convivalities were occasionally chequered with quarrels into which the husbands were not unfrequently drawn. There was a perceptible growth of coarseness of tone among both the women and the men, that became actual grossness; and I question if a young woman with some of nature's modesty still clinging to her did not have it more violently outraged in these congeries of married couples, than would have been the case in the old corner-of-the-barrack-room arrangement. Of this at least I am certain that with ominous rapidity she learned to talk, and would submit to be jeered, on subjects which were ignored under the old system.

The overcrowding also, which was all but universal, was physically injurious to both adults and children. The latter did not count in the allotment of quarters. I have known ten families in one long room in Weedon barracks. Eight families in a hut in the North Camp at Aldershot was nothing uncommon. But later an era of improvement and civilisation set in, and before long the majority of barracks contained married quarters in which each family had a room to itself. The inception of this system was due to our gracious Queen; and the rapidity with which married quarters became all but universal was owing, in the main, to her womanly sympathy with her sex. Still, however, those married quarters in many instances did not afford sufficient accommodation, and the surplusage had to fall back on the old system. So late as in the summer of 1867

more than one troop-room was occupied by four families; and later still it was estimated that about one-third of the married strength of the home forces was still unaccommodated with separate rooms. In civilian estimation a single room for a man and wife with their family—day-room and bed-room in one—seems no great boon; but the soldier and his wife had been so little used to mercies of any kind that they learned to be thankful for very small ones. In my day a married non-commissioned officer of the highest grade had to put up with a single room. A troop-sergeant-major is a person of importance and responsibility in the little world of his regiment—his position certainly equal to that of the superintendent of a particular branch of a factory. But how would the latter relish having to pay the hands, the head of the concern sitting at the pay-table along with him, while his recently-confined wife lay in bed in the same room, sequestered only by a curtain? I have signed accounts in the Royal barracks in Dublin when my troop-sergeant-major's domesticities were in the condition alluded to, the captain of the troop being present.

The soldier does not very often go to his own native place for a wife. He forgets the sweetheart of his pre-soldiering days, and finds another where he may chance to be quartered. Most soldiers' wives have been servant girls, with whom the gentleman in uniform has picked up acquaintance casually in his evening strolls. But there are many exceptions, and some of these of rather

a remarkable character. I have known a soldier's wife who had been the daughter of a clergyman, another who had been a vocalist at a leading music hall, and a third who had been the widow of a captain in the navy. Since the relaxation in the rigour exercised in regard to marriages without leave—to which I shall presently advert—soldiers have been rather addicted to marrying women of no character. Repulsive as such connections are, fairness demands the admission that such women, with few exceptions, turn out well-conducted wives. Probably they are so weary of their previous life that to be a wife at all, no matter how humble the sphere, is a haven of refuge too deeply appreciated to be lightly forfeited.

So prone were soldiers to take their wives from among the daughters of the region in which the regiment might be stationed that an experienced hand could mark by the strata, so to speak, of married womanhood in a corps the track of its successive stations throughout the kingdom. Let me give an example from my own old regiment, as I knew it. The seniors of the married women were of the south of England—Christchurch and Brighton extracts—decently inclined, self-respecting, rather masculine dames, who had followed the kettledrums many a year and had got tanned and travel-worn, but were honest, cleanly, and fairly pure of heart. Then came a layer of canny Scots lasses recruited during the regiment's tour of service in the north country, clannish to the last degree, grasping

and greedy, most of them; "wearing the breeches" as regarded their "gude men," but good wives, nevertheless, and excellent mothers; fond of a "drappie" when somebody else paid for it; mostly with a nest-egg in the regimental savings-bank, and willing to do a little bit of usury on the quiet; very unpopular with the other women, horribly quarrelsome, and scrupulously clean. Then followed an infusion of the Irish element, resulting from the corps having been quartered for some years in various stations of the sister isle. According to my experience, Irish women, with few exceptions, do not make good soldiers' wives. They are too ready to accommodate themselves to circumstances, instead of striving to make circumstances bend to them. Thus, in the unfavourable phase of life in which they find themselves through marrying a soldier, they are prone to go with the swim, to become slovenly and slatternly, to say "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and to be heedless if to-morrow's pot portends emptiness so long as the pot of to-day "boils fat."

When the soldier falls a prey to matrimonial longings, he obtains an interview with his colonel in the orderly room, and asks permission to get married. If he has some length of service and a good character, permission may be granted him, subject to the occurrence of a vacancy in the married roll of his class in the regiment. If he is a sensible man he waits for this; then he marries, and his wife is taken "on the strength" and becomes entitled to a share in what privileges may

be available. A certain number of men are assigned her to "do for," in washing their quota of very dirty clothes. In some cavalry regiments she has in addition the task of keeping clean the room of her men. In this case she scrubs the floor, tables, and forms daily, washes the crockeryware after each meal, and generally is responsible for the cleanliness of the apartment. In other cavalry regiments the men perform these duties in rotation, and the woman has only the clothes-washing to do. In either case, I believe, each of her men pays her a penny a day. The charge in infantry regiments is but a halfpenny a man, solely for the washing, and the men are invariably their own housemaids. In most regiments of the latter branch of the service, the married women are prohibited altogether from entering the barrack-rooms.

Those women who do not have a certain number of men assigned to them, mostly have, in the cavalry, each an officer to attend to his room and do his washing, at the remuneration of a shilling a day; but this is an employment which falls chiefly to the wives of non-commissioned officers. Non-commissioned officers' wives to whom may be allotted the washing of a certain number of men, are no longer allowed to farm out the work, as until recently was the case. In the infantry an officer's soldier-servant attends to his room. A married couple in a cavalry regiment do not fare badly when the husband is an officer's servant with a wage of ten or fifteen shillings a month besides perquisites, or when

he earns ten shillings a month for looking after a sergeant's horse in addition to his own; and when the wife has the washing of a dozen men or thereabouts. The joint income may in such a case amount to about a pound a week, with free quarters and the right to draw a daily ration of three-quarters of a pound of meat and a pound of bread for $4\frac{1}{2}$d.—about one half the retail price in the open market.

Hitherto I have been writing of soldiers' wives who have become so in a strictly constitutional and regimental manner. But for one soldier who marries "with leave," at least half-a-dozen do so without leave. In the majority of cases circumstances render the formality of asking for leave a needless farce, and he marries without troubling to make the application. Rules affecting men married without leave vary according to the dispositions—severe or lenient—of commanding officers. In my early soldiering days I knew a man who had been married for twenty years, a man with an excellent character and holding non-commissioned rank, whose wife was never taken on the strength of the regiment at all, because the marriage had been "without leave." In some regiments a probation, or rather a purgatory, of eight years had to be undergone before the offence of getting married without leave was condoned, and the wife admitted to privileges. In later years a more lenient policy came into operation. As a special favour a suitable applicant was occasionally permitted to marry with the promise that his wife should be taken "on the

strength" on the occurrence of a vacancy, and meanwhile some work was assigned her to ease the hardship of her lot. Prior to this it was not uncommon for the soldier and his wife to be married twice over, the second marriage taking place when leave was granted, in order to meet the necessity of the registration of the marriage lines in the orderly-room record, when the production of the record of the first marriage would have exposed the disobedience of orders, and led to a retractation of the permission. I remember a critical legitimacy question once arising out of a double marriage of this kind.

To get married without leave, even although it be accompanied by no other infraction of discipline, is a military crime coming under the head of disobedience of orders, and I have known a man severely punished for this offence alone. But most frequently marriage without leave used to be aggravated by the crime of concurrent absence, and the offender was punished nominally for the latter offence, but in reality for the former also. Thus I have known a man get seven days' cells, involving the loss of his hair, for a couple of hours' absence in the morning for the purpose of getting married. It is not pleasant, it must be confessed, to meet your bride with not so much hair on your head as would furnish a locket. Sometimes, in the stern wrath of the commanding officer, the woman's name is "put on the gate," that is, she is prohibited from entering the barracks. Her plight is very sad. She had left her

service or her home, and it is with her *nulla vestigia retrorsum*. She lingers wistfully about the barrack gate, pitifully asking the men as they walk out what punishment her husband has got, and when it will be over. She gets a room somewhere near the barracks, her husband half starves himself that he may share his rations with her, and his sympathising comrades cut him the bigger mess because they know that it has to feed two mouths. With few exceptions the man acts very loyally by the woman with whom he has formed a rash union. Sometimes, it is true, things do go wrong. The woman gives up the hard battle in despair and enters on a yet more wretched campaign, with sure defeat as its sad inevitable close; or the husband rebels against the prolonged self-denial and shirks his responsibility. But much oftener the twain cling together with a piteous, yet proud mutual devotion. The compassionate matrons who are on the strength may give the woman a job on washing days, or she picks up some employment about the officers' mess kitchen, or among the wives of the non-commissioned officers.

A change of station is a heavy blow to the struggling couple. There is no "warrant" for the woman married without leave, and it is seldom that her husband can meet the railway fare. I have known a soldier's wife married without leave, foot it all the way from Aldershot to Edinburgh, marching day for day with her husband's troop, sometimes getting into his billet at night, sometimes quartered in the hay-loft.

Long ere she crossed Kelso Bridge her boots had given out; but her heart was stouter than her boots, and she triumphantly reached Piershill Barracks only a few hours behind her husband. Shorter journeys of this kind used to be common enough, not only with soldiers' wives married without leave, but also with females having no such tie with the men they followed.

A time, however, may come sooner or later, to the woman married without leave, when her courage is of no avail; when the regiment is ordered on foreign service and she is left straining her eyes through bitter tears after the receding troopship. Now she is, indeed, alone in the world. But she turns instinctively barrack-ward —there is consolation, seemingly, in the colour of the cloth. There is hardly a barrack of any size in the kingdom where there are not as hangers-on some of those compulsory grass-widows, picking up a precarious livelihood by the merciful consideration of soldiers' wives better circumstanced. Such an one, as she wrestles with the hard world, is counting longingly the years and the months, till her husband's term of service shall expire. It may be that one day a letter arrives from his chum, or a discharged soldier of her husband's regiment strolls into barracks with the tidings that Bill or Joe is dead of cholera at some unhealthy inland station, or that death took him in some march in the Afghan hill-country. But again, Bill or Joe is back himself with his discharge in his pocket and love

in his heart; and her horizon glows very bright to the poor barrack-drudge.

But a very much married army has many encumbrances in the shape of women and children; and among its other advantages short service has all but abolished soldiers' wives whose husbands belong to the rank-and-file. In the cavalry and artillery the limit of married soldiers is now but 4 per cent.; in the infantry only 3 per cent. Matrimony in the British army of to-day at home, apart from its officerhood, is almost entirely confined to the non-commissioned ranks. All warrant officers are entitled to be married; as also are the three superior classes of non-commissioned officers. Fifty per cent. of non-commissioned officers of inferior grade may be included in the married roll. The private soldier of the period is barely adolescent, when at the age of twenty—occasionally somewhat short of that age—he is sent out to India; and for the couple of years or so prior to that deportation he is so assiduously growing in bulk and stature as the result of his consumption of the Queen's rations and so engrossed in learning the rudiments of soldier-craft, that he can find little leisure for precocious thoughts of love, far less of matrimony, whether with or without leave. Thus a soldier's wife married without leave is now very much more rare than in earlier times.

To-day there is no such abomination in the army as the crowding of more than one family in the same

room. There is no family of the lowest military grade which is not entitled to at least one separate room. The advance, or rather indeed the revolution, of late years in the accommodation afforded to military married people and families, is simply surprising, especially at Aldershot. A married warrant officer in that station enjoys two very good sitting-rooms, two good bedrooms, kitchen and scullery, with yard, garden convenience, coal and washhouse. The family of a staff-sergeant has for quarters an excellent sitting-room, two good bedrooms, kitchen, and scullery. Married sergeants and rank-and-file are accommodated in two rooms and a kitchen, or one big room and kitchen: in the case of a large family, two bedrooms are allowed. Twenty years ago the regimental sergeant-major of a cavalry regiment, the man of highest non-commissioned rank in the regiment and a married man with a family, had to content himself and his with a single room of no great dimensions.

X.

AN HONEST-BORN BOY.

Our rural and primitive parish-school in the far north of Scotland was, as I remember it some five-and-forty years ago, a democracy tempered chiefly by vigour of biceps muscle. Whether inside the grim old building on the brae-face, or on the heather-bordered playground in the midst of which it stood, no distinction

was recognised between the "classes" and the "masses." The master was at once impartial and indiscriminate in his frank and free use of his tough leathern "tawse." Was he gentleman's son from the mansion among the trees beyond the burn, or was he the cottar's son from the sour muirland of the foothills, the cock of the school and of the playground was the youngster who was smartest with his fists. The school was a microcosm of the parish. The laird who owned a large proportion of its acreage sent to the parish school his son and heir, who later became a Cambridge Wrangler. The manse was represented by my brother and myself, destined later for the north-country University, meanwhile seldom free from a black eye or two, and exceptionally frequent victims of the "dominie's" tawse. The local farmers, a prolific race, contributed whole families of both sexes indiscriminately. The ditcher down by the cross-roads educated his twins by the expedient of sending the boy and the girl on alternate days for a single fee. Besides the ordinary run of pupils whose ages varied from seven to about fourteen, the school was generally attended by some three or four full-grown young fellows, who were taking a half year at home away from farm work, that they might revive or increase the knowledge acquired in boyhood. The country lasses used occasionally to do the same, and I remember to have often seen a buxom girl of twenty and a stalwart ploughman of about the same age standing up courageously in the same class with youngsters

of nine and ten. In the winter time our school fire was maintained by the daily contributions brought from the home stack by each scholar of a peat or a turf under his or her arm. Defaulters in this duty were punished by being exiled to the cold corners of the schoolroom.

In my young days, as is still the case, the lowlands of northern Scotland were singularly free from crime, but then—nor, I fear, is there to-day much improvement in this respect—they were affected by a moral taint, the results of which manifested themselves in our little school-community in the shape of some half-dozen strapping young fellows of great physical vigour and of considerable force of character. Our rustic Dunois from the Craighead was, like his prototype, both *jeune* and *beau*. Our local Falconbridge from the hovel at the back of the wood was so handsome that he might well have had "a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face." Our sturdy William of the Ardoch promised in mental force and physical thew and sinew to take after the famous son of Arlotte of Falaise. Our herd laddie Maurice was no less successful in his warlike encounters on the school-green than was the son of Aurora of Königsmark in his wider sphere of action. Our Edmund of the Burnfoot might well have claimed, in the words of the "Edmund" of Lear, that—

> "My dimensions are as well compact,
> My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
> As honest madam's issue."

To those youths the taint of their origin was no secret, and it must be added that for them it had no shame, neither did it attach to them any stigma. Far from shrinking into the background, they carried their heads high among us; like the "little Jock Elliot" of the Border ballad they would "tak dunts frae naebody," but on the contrary were always on the alert to bestow those aggressive commodities.

The universal pet of the school was a beautiful child named Willie Stuart. As I write, after many long years I still can recall the little man's long flaxen curls, his wistful blue eyes, the delicate complexion that flushed and paled with each passing emotion, the winsomeness of the whole little figure. The roughest of us was tender with Willie. He would participate eagerly in our sports, and we could not say him nay; but one of us always quietly undertook to watch, lest in the hurly-burly of rugged horse-play any mischief should befall the child. He was an apt scholar, but, sweet-tempered as he was, and grateful for the love that was lavished on him, he had a vein of mild sarcasm, and would sometimes in a light and airy way make game of a dunce. We knew of him, in a casual way, as the only son of a decent woman who lived a quiet lonely life in a cottage near the Kirkton, and who was spoken of as having been a lady's-maid in a nobleman's family whose seat was in an adjoining parish. Her neighbours called her Mrs. Stuart and it was understood that her husband was abroad, making money in some un-

healthy region whither he would not bring his wife and child. Country folk of the lower orders up in the north, some half century ago, were not much addicted to prying into the affairs of their neighbours. The opportunities for gossip were comparatively few in a region where distances were great, and where there were no breeding-places of scandal in the shape of villages.

One forenoon the only dull-witted one of the base-born contingent of our schoolfellows had fallen into some ludicrous blunder, which, in spite of the stern discipline maintained, had kindled the class into an irrepressible roar of laughter, and had brought upon himself condign and severe punishment from the sting-ing tawse. During a momentary absence of the master from the schoolroom, Willie Stuart amused himself by chaffing the perpetrator of the blunder. The latter, sore and resentful, took the little fellow's badinage very ill. At length, to the utter amazement of all, he grimly retorted—

"Ye cock yer head gey crouse, my bonny little man: you that's naething but a bastard, like mysel!"

"It's a lee, a lee!" cried the child, flushing scarlet, and bursting into a passion of tears as he flew at the throat of the other. We dragged him off just as the master returned, and the little scene ended—Willie sitting white and trembling over his dictionary.

During the mid-day play hour the boy who had aspersed Willie, and myself, had an encounter which im-

proved the appearance of neither of us. The same evening I related to our old nurse what had occurred in the school. To my utter astonishment, she told me that the stigma which had been cast on Willie Stuart was warranted by the facts. She had been told the whole story by her sister, who for years had been in service at —— Castle. Mary Stuart had been the countess's own maid. She had been courted by a farmer's son of the neighbourhood, and she had accepted him. But subsequently they had quarrelled bitterly, on what account nobody seemed to know, and had parted in hot anger. The girl had soon to realise that the rupture had not been on even terms. Yet such was the stiffness of her nature, that she preferred to undergo shame rather than sue to the man with whom she had quarrelled. Her ladyship had sent her away, but had settled a small pension on her. Soon after her child was born and christened she had migrated into our parish, where her story was not known, and had lived there in good repute ever since. Our old nurse, kind and wise soul as she was, had held her tongue, and she believed that none other in the parish, save my father the minister, knew the story. But now she remembered that Bell Black, the mother of the fellow who had opened upon Willie, had been a kitchen servant at the castle about the time of Mary Stuart's misfortune.

For days little Willie moped about, pale and sad, all the young life seemingly dead in him. The story

had begun to spread, and I fancy he had heard some kind of confirmation of it. He had been shunning me; but one afternoon the poor child came to me with his sorrow. "I believe it's a lee," said he wearily; "but God kens. I canna bring mysel' tae speer o' my mither —I wad suner droon mysel'! But, whether or no, I'm no like thae loons—it kills me tae doobt that I'm an honest-born laddie." I took the little fellow by the hand, led him down the brae to the manse, and brought him in by the side-door into the little room which belonged to my brother and myself and in which we were wont to con our lessons. Leaving him there, I went and found the old nurse, told her whom I had brought to see her, and begged of her to come into our room and give the child what comfort she might.

Good old Elspeth's heart went out to Willie at first sight of him. She smoothed with her hands his flaxen curls, and brought colour into his pale face by kissing the shy and unnerved little chap. As she talked it seemed at first as if, far from giving him any consolation, she was about to plunge him into utter despair. For she thought it the truest kindness to tell him all that she had told me and that I have already recorded, thus dashing from him any hope that he was other than he had been so abruptly characterised by his coarse and angry schoolfellow. But the good old soul had kept in reserve some balm of Gilead for the wounded spirit. And it presently appeared that she was somehow conversant with the kindly principles of Scottish

law, in regard to the legitimation of offspring born before wedlock by the subsequent marriage of the parents.

"You're no honest-born, my bairn," said Elspeth, "but the guid auld law o' Scotland will mak' ye honest-born if your father an' mither can be persuadit tae come thegither an' be marriet like wise an' dacent folk. I've heard they were baith dour an' bitter, but time often solders feuds. It's no true that yer faither is abroad. He is the auld farmer's son o' the Mains o' Drumfurruch, in the Enzie, no ten miles awa'. My counsel tae ye, laddie, is that ye gae an' see yer faither, an' plead wi' him for tae gie ye a guid name in the warld by marryin' yer mither. Ye're a bonny boy, an' ye hae a winsome face; he may weel be prood o' ye. If ye gain him, surely yer mither will no be obstinate for her ain sake, forbye yours. Ony gate, it's but tryin', and it's surely weel worth tryin'; it's a noble an' a holy endeavour, an' a' guid folk maun pray that it may succeed!" And Elspeth kissed the child, and their tears mingled as the good old Presbyterian woman blessed him and prayed that Heaven might prosper so worthy an effort.

Willie, comforted and heartened, would fain have started on his errand that same afternoon. But this was not to be thought of. He knew nothing of the road to the Enzie; he was quite unequal to so long a journey afoot and alone; his sudden absence would alarm his mother.

It was the season of peat-carting from the moss of

Forgie, which is within three miles of the Enzie; and my suggestion was that next morning he should accompany the manse carts to the moss, then go on to Drumfurruch which was visible from the moss, and return therefrom in the afternoon in time to be carried back on one of the loaded carts. I advised him that he should not tell his mother of his project, and I undertook to furnish the schoolmaster with a reason for his absence.

This programme the resolute little man duly carried out. He brought back the tidings that he had seen his father, who had readily and affectionately owned him, had taken him to his grandfather now bedridden and very old, and had accompanied him most of the way back to the moss. But he had been stern and silent when the child, with piteous sobs and tears, had besought him to make the son he had owned an "honest-born" boy, and he had curtly told the little lad not to appeal to him on that point any more. But Willie, nevertheless, was not utterly disheartened, for his father had said that he should look forward to seeing him again. There was courage and resolution in the little fellow beyond his years, and Elspeth and I agreed in recommending that he should repeat his visit to his father occasionally—at all events, while the peat-carting season lasted.

The father, with each successive visit of his son grew more and more affectionate, and Willie, as he told us of this, increased in hopefulness of ultimate suc-

cess. The colour had come back into the child's face, his head was no longer on his breast, the glint had returned to the soft blue eyes under the long lashes. I never saw him so beautiful as on the last morning he started with the peat-carts. In the gloaming of that same shortening day the carter came home without him. He had waited, he said, for some time after the usual hour of starting homewards. A dense fog, with a heavy flurry of snow, then set in, and the carter had left in the full belief that the bitter weather had detained Willie at Drumfurruch for the night.

This was quite probable; but, again, it was possible that the child had been well on his way to the moss before the weather thickened. So the groom and I started immediately in the manse gig, intending to drive to Drumfurruch; keeping as we went on, a keen look-out along the road and on both sides of it. We carried blankets and a whisky-flask in case of need. The road was bad; the fog and snowdrift thickened, and so slow was our progress that we were traversing the moss only in the small hours of the following morning. It had lightened a little just as we were passing the manse plot of moss-land, and the sudden idea occurred to me to alight and glance over that spot. It was a fortunate impulse, for there, just under the peat-bank, on the sparse fodder left by the horses, lay Willie, partially snowed over and asleep. We promptly wrapped him up warmly and administered restoratives. I drove him straight to his mother's cot-

tage, while the groom walked on to tell his father of what had happened. By nightfall Willie was in peril of imminent death from inflammation of the lungs, and he was all but unconscious for days. When he came to himself he found his father and mother bending anxiously over him. A common apprehension, a common solicitude, had united the dissevered parents. He rallied under the inspiration of a great happiness, but the doctor shook his head and talked ominously of rapid wasting of the lungs. It was not long ere the child knew that he was doomed; but he piteously entreated that his parents would gratify him by enabling him to die, as he pleaded, "an honest-born boy." The banns of marriage between John McPherson and Mary Stuart were duly proclaimed on three successive Sundays for the first, second, and third times. On the fourth Sunday, which fell on New Year's Day, the couple were made man and wife by my father in the old barn-like church. During their absence I was sitting with Willie, whose weakness and fragility were painfully visible through the hectic flush of excitement. As his parents, now united in wedlock, entered the cottage, he started up into a sitting attitude, and with extraordinary eagerness and extended arms, he pathetically begged his mother to give him the "marriage-lines." He devoured the certificate with ardent, hollow eyes, gave one great panting sigh of gratification, clasped the paper to his heart with the exclamation, "Oh, faither an' mither, this is a New Year's gift frae Heaven

itsel'!" and then he turned his happy, wasted face to the wall. Ten minutes later I touched his forehead. The "honest-born boy" was dead.

XI.

SOLDIERS I HAVE KNOWN.

Kaiser Wilhelm.—Moltke.—The Imperial Crown Prince.—Prince Frederick Charles.—Bazaine.—MacMahon.—Trochu.—Grant.—Sherman.—Sheridan.—Lord Napier of Magdala.—Lord Wolseley.—Lord Roberts.—Sir Evelyn Wood.—Sir Redvers Buller.—Sir Herbert Stewart.—Sir George Colley.—The Grand Duke Nicholas.—Todleben.—Skobeleff.—Gourko.—Osman Pasha.

THE late summer sunshine was irradiating the broad undulating expanse of the Tempelhoferfeld, the historic parade-ground of the troops forming the garrison of the capital city of the German Empire. It was the 1st of September, the anniversary of the battle of Sedan; and athwart the green face of the Tempelhoferfeld were drawn up the long straight lines of the Prussian Guard Corps, ready for its inspection by the venerable soldier-monarch to whom, on the afternoon of Sedan, Napoleon III. sent his sword and his surrender. The guns of the salute rang out their greeting as a brilliant cavalcade, gay with plumes and glittering in gold and silver, cantered on to the parade-ground. At the head of the *cortège,* a horse-length out to the front, rode a square-shouldered white-haired chief, stricken in years, yet still lusty and stalwart. KAISER WILHELM I. was in his eighty-first year, yet the glance of the keen blue eye

was undimmed, his form was erect, and he rode the strong black charger with strength and skill. Old Marshal Wrangel, of whom it was said that "he had forgotten to die," had at length at the age of ninety-four remembered that duty; and now the venerable warrior-king was the oldest soldier of all that Germany the unity of which he had lived to see accomplished under his sway. What to us was history were memories with this hale octogenarian! He could remember the catastrophe of Jena; for that stroke befel Prussia in 1806 and he was then nine years of age. His latest campaign had been in 1870-71; his earliest in 1814, which he made as aide-de-camp to Blücher, when old "Marshal Vorwärts" in the early months of that year marched his Prussians from the Rhine to the heart of France, stormed the heights of Montmartre, and occupied Paris in conjunction with the Russian and Austrian armies.

Four times, so far as I know, Wilhelm met the Napoleon who surrendered to him at Sedan — the nephew of that Napoleon who had insulted his mother. The first time was at the end of the campaign of 1814, when with his father he visited the Château of St. Leu, near Paris, where Queen Hortense dwelt apart from her husband with her two boys, the younger of whom lived to be Napoleon III. The second time was in September, 1861, the year of his accession, when he paid a visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Compiègne. During his stay there occurred a military parade, which Napoleon

chose to witness in civilian costume. To wear uniform when his host was in plain clothes was impossible; and so Wilhelm, for the only time in his long life, had to appear on a parade-ground in a black coat and a tall hat. Sedan was avenged in anticipation. The third time was in 1867, the year of the great Paris Exposition, when he was the guest in the Tuileries of that child of Hortense who, after a life of strange vicissitudes, was now the Emperor of the French. The fourth time—and of their memorable meeting then I was a witness—was on the morning after the battle of Sedan, when that Emperor was a prisoner and his throne was crumbling into wreck. Napoleon, familiar already with exile, was to die in exile. Wilhelm died in the purple, but he too had known exile; for in the Red Year of 1848 political troubles at home forced him to take refuge in England for a time; reputed—it has long ago seemed incredible—the most unpopular man in Prussia!

Wilhelm was not a heaven-born general, but he was a thorough soldier. Brave to recklessness, his staff had always difficulty in keeping him outside the range of hostile fire, nor were they always successful. He had an aide-de-camp killed by his side at Königsgrätz. At Gravelotte I saw him sitting on his horse among the bursting shells; and later in the same afternoon belabouring fugitives with the flat of his sword, while he swore fine racy German oaths at them for disgracing themselves in a momentary panic. For the rest he was only a grand simple old gentleman, with a very soft

heart and a very hasty temper. In regard to politics he did the bidding of Bismarck, and Bismarck often had very sharp tussles with the sturdy old opinionated Trojan in the effort to conquer his prejudices or to restrain his impulses. In his personal life Wilhelm was simplicity itself. He dined at four o'clock, and the chief joys of his palate were Sauerkraut and lobster salad. His campaigning equipment was almost Spartan in its plainness, and contrasted curiously with the elaborate train that followed Napoleon out of Sedan. Of all the family of which he was the head—a family which in all its ramifications he ruled with a strong yet kindly hand—his greatest favourites were the wife of his son, our English Princess Royal, and her eldest son, who was one day to be himself German Emperor, and who meanwhile was a hardworking officer in the Imperial Guard.

I saw Wilhelm in the shell-fire of Gravelotte. I witnessed the greeting between him and the Emperor Napoleon at the foot of the steps of the Château Bellevue on the morning after the battle of Sedan. I saw him standing on the daïs of the Galerie des Glaces in the Château of Versailles, when, amidst a tempest of cheering, amidst waving of swords and of banners, he was hailed German Emperor, as with eyes streaming with tears he received the homage of princes, dukes, and lords of the Empire. I saw him on the great day of the triumphal entry into Berlin after the Franco-German war, as he rode down the Linden between a

double row of captured French cannon. Before him rode abreast Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon, "the makers of history;" behind him the "combined battalion," whose ranks were made up of men of every German nationality, escorting the eagles, colours, and standards that had lately belonged to the French armies. But, to my thinking, none of those spectacles vied in human interest with that presented by the simple cordiality and tenderness of Wilhelm's home-coming immediately after the ending of the Franco-German war, the most memorable and most colossal conflict of the century. Long before the time named for the arrival of the royal train, the platform of the Potsdamer railway station was thronged with notabilities. There were Bismarck in his white cuirassier uniform, and Moltke and Roon, and other principal personages of the great headquarters staff. There was the venerable Marshal Wrangel, a still older soldier than his venerable sovereign. There, too, were Vogel von Falkenstein, grim and grey, and old Steinmetz, come from his distant Posen governorship. Of ladies and children of the royal house the name was legion. In a siding opposite the platform, whether by accident or design, had been shunted a hospital train, from the windows of which pallid faces looked out on the brilliant scene. Upon the carriage roofs clustered convalescents; and a little squad of fellows maimed at Spicheren and Borny gave Steinmetz a cheer—old "Immer Vorwärts," as they styled him; and so with gossip and endless kindly greetings the moments of expectancy passed.

At the sound of a distant whistle, from out the waiting-room stalked Bismarck. Wrangel doffed his plumed helmet; a stream of ladies and children followed Bismarck's stalwart form. In two minutes more a near rumble, and the train rolled up to the platform. Then rose a mighty shout of cheering; and there, at the carriage window, stood the Emperor, looking out on his family and servants. A moment later, and he was down the steps, and kissing the Dowager Queen Elizabeth. It seemed as if the women of his race were mobbing him as they crowded round him for his kisses, while grandchildren hung about his knees. The old man was brushing his shaggy eyelashes with the back of his hand as he struggled through the women-folk about him. In his path stood "Papa" Wrangel, a beam from the setting sun flashing on his snow-white hair. The soldier-patriarch raised his hand and tried to utter a welcome, but his voice failed him, and the tears rolled down his face. His master, not less moved, kissed his aged servant on both cheeks. The two old soldier-comrades embraced, and Steinmetz's wounded fellows on the carriage roof cheered the mutual greeting. Then the Emperor grasped Bismarck by the hand and kissed him too, and old Steinmetz as well—forgiven for his waste of men on the slope over against Gravelotte; he kissed his way right through out into the waiting saloon, hand-in-hand with the Empress who was shedding quiet tears. The scene was like an April day—showers and sunshine, tears and smiles; all state and ceremony

were swept away in the gush of homely affection. When his Majesty had reached the Palace, the cheers of his Berliners kept him long lingering on its threshold; over and over again he had to come out on to the balcony with the Empress; and his final appearance was at the accustomed corner window, at which he had shown himself when the declaration of the war was announced. That war was now triumphantly finished, and Wilhelm had come home from his last campaign.

In the forefront of the *cortège* which Kaiser Wilhelm headed as he cantered on to the Tempelhofer parade-ground, rode three men whose names, then as now, were familiar to the world—Moltke, the Imperial Crown Prince, and Prince Frederick Charles. MOLTKE was the lean man with the slight stoop of the shoulders, and the fleshless, strong-lined face out of which the keen blue eyes looked with quiet alertness. You might have taken him for a professor of mathematics, but he was the greatest strategist of the age. Made Chief of the Prussian General Staff in 1858, there thenceforward devolved upon him the duty of planning the successive campaigns in which the Prussian armies were subsequently engaged; and in which, thanks in great measure to his strategical genius, they were uniformly successful.

Moltke was a singularly quiet and unostentatious man. It was quaintly said of him that "he could be silent in seven languages," and he was nearly as great

a linguist as he was a strategist. Seated at his desk in Berlin, with his maps and plans on the wall before him, he directed by telegraph the opening operations of both the Prussian armies engaged in the invasion of Austria in the summer of 1866; and on the battle-field of Königsgrätz he watched, with calm assurance of the result, the bloody and desperate struggle which culminated in the decisive victory his bold and shrewd strategy had brought about. He was in the field from the first in the Franco-German campaign of 1870-71; and it was intensely interesting to discern how, as if by intuition, he penetrated the designs of the French commanders, and had taken measures to thwart them before the attempts had been begun to carry them out. Moltke's fighting motto was "Erst wägen, dann wagen" —"First ponder, then dare"; and the keynote to his strategy may be summed up in his maxim: "Separate for the march, concentrate for the battle." Frequently he took what seemed startling liberties with the enemy. Over and over again, trusting to his own genius, he disregarded what are commonly called "the rules of the art of war," and ventured on operations which, according to those rules, he had no right to risk. This, no doubt, was simply because he had taken the measure of the commanders who were his antagonists, and had recognised their capacity, or rather their incapacity.

The notion was general that Moltke, Bismarck, and Roon, the three men who were the chief makers of the

German Empire, were on the most friendly and most intimate terms with each other. In reality they had by no means mutually cordial relations. Bismarck had a standing umbrage with Moltke, because the great strategist was resolute in withholding from the great statesman the military information which the latter insisted he ought to share. Moltke has roundly disclosed in his posthumous book his conviction that Roon's place as Minister of War was at home in Germany; and not on campaign, embarrassing the former's functions. Roon, again, envied Moltke because of the latter's more elevated military position; and he disliked Bismarck, because that outspoken man made light of Roon's capacity. I have happened to know the headquarters staff of a British army whose members were on bad terms with each other; and the result, to put it mildly, was unsatisfactory. But those three high German authorities, each with bitterness in his heart against his fellows, nevertheless co-operated zealously and loyally in the service of their Sovereign and for the advantage of their country. Their common patriotism had the mastery in them over their mutual dislike and jealousy. Arndt's line: "Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein!" was the watchword of all three, and dominated their discordances.

Moltke was not a man to spare bloodshed in the accomplishment of given ends. In the first month of the campaign the German losses in killed and wounded were well on to 80,000 men. With him the end justi-

fied the means. But the private life of the iron soldier was worthy and beautiful in all its relations. He was a man of singularly varied accomplishments, and his tastes were at once simple and refined. He had no children, but his family affection was full of warmth. I once saw the tears in his eyes, as I gave him the message of love and duty entrusted to me by one of his nephews who lay in danger from a wound received in a forepost skirmish on the east of Paris. All Germany idolised the quiet, silent, self-contained soldier-sage, to whom the Fatherland owed so much. Full of years and honours, he had the euthanasia for which he had prayed when his time should come.

The IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE, afterwards, during a short period of nobly-borne suffering, the Emperor Frederick, was an imposing and soldierly figure. Never have I seen a face which expressed more vividly calm serene strength of command. He looked taller on horseback than he really was; and upright, broad-shouldered, and deep-chested, he was every inch a man. He hated war, yet it was his fate to take part in three great wars, and to command in several momentous and bloody battles. He was thoroughly conversant with the art of war, and there was no readier chief in the field of battle. The most urbane of men while no fighting was in hand, the Prince's manner wholly altered when the bullets were flying. Then the Hohenzollern temper rose in him; his face flushed; there was a sparkle in

his eye; he spoke but to command; and when he had cause to chide, he who was rebuked did not soon forget the reproof. But he was the most humane of the fighting race of which he was a member. Like his father, he thought of the wounded the moment that the victory was won. Unlike his father, he was always averse from extreme measures. He held out long against the bombardment of Paris, and his voice was ever in favour of the introduction into the beleaguered city of medical comforts for the sick and wounded, and for permitting the exit of helpless women and children.

The great day of the Crown Prince's life was that momentous ceremony in the Château of Versailles, when the princes and potentates of the great Teuton nation hailed his father with the crowning dignity of that august historic title, the "German Emperor"; and when the Prince on bended knee was the first to kiss the hand of his father and Emperor. The Crown Prince's public life in peace-time was full of steady usefulness; his private life was good and beautiful in every relation. I remember hearing him say that on campaign there never passed a day on which he did not write to his wife. In those times they were quite poor, according to our notions of the appanage of the heir-apparent to a great throne; and they lived within their modest and somewhat precarious income. Their Berlin mansion was a small palace on the Linden; and any morning when they were living in the capital one might have

met the Prince and Princess strolling quietly in the avenues of the Thiergarten, with some of their children walking by their side. She was as proud of him as he was fond of her; it was a love match at the beginning, and it continued to the sad premature ending of the noble and devoted husband an alliance of tender and beautiful mutual affection.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, the nephew of the old Kaiser, and the cousin on both the father's and the mother's side of the Imperial Crown Prince, was a man of quite another stamp from the latter. The Red Prince was a soldier to the core; and I question whether he was ever quite happy in peace-time. And I think that, although he had his faults in a military sense, yet, take him all in all, he was one of the greatest soldiers of modern times. He was a very stern and unlovable man; his private life was the reverse of creditable; and he could be, and indeed generally was, more roughly ill-bred than any commander with whom I ever had personal relations. But in the field on campaign there was a certain bluff good comradeship in his manner, which earned him the devotion of his soldiers. He was severity itself as regarded discipline; he exacted from his men the hardest of hard work; but he shared with them their dangers, privations, and exposure, and they ever followed him and believed in him with unfaltering and enthusiastic zeal. When condemned to peace, Prince Frederick Charles employed himself chiefly in

the elaboration of improved methods in the art of man-killing, and he wrote several works of high authority on this interesting and humane subject. But his joy was to be in the heart of a great battle. When still young he was a dashing cavalry officer, and he was severely wounded in a hand-to-hand *mêlée* in the Baden insurrection of 1849, in the somewhat quixotic effort to storm earthworks at the head of his squadron of hussars. Düppel, Königsgrätz, Vionville-Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, Beaune-la-Rolande, Orleans, and Le Mans were among the great battles which Prince Frederick Charles made victories for the Prussian arms.

When I think of Prince Frederick Charles, there ever recurs to my memory the daybreak of Gravelotte. On that morning he was stirring early to give rendezvous to his corps commanders that they might receive his instructions as to the setting of the battle in order. What a subject for a great painter, this daybreak gathering of the German leaders under the poplar trees on the highway between Vionville and Mars-la-Tour, with the Red Prince in the centre, brusque, curt, and emphatic! Around the group conning over a new slaughter, lay the ghastly evidences of a past, in the heaps of the dead of the battle of the 16th of August, still awaiting interment. Keen-eyed, handsome-faced Prince of Saxony; puffy, phlegmatic August of Würtemberg; Alvensleben the aristocrat, with his thin, clear-cut features and bright hawk-eye; Voights-Rhetz, with the keen shrewd look of a lowland Scot; Manstein, grim, grey, and determined—

these stood in a roughly defined semi-circle with their horses' heads turned inwards; and there addressed them in a few short crisp sentences, the square upright man on the powerful bay. The Red Prince let his hand drop on his thigh with an audible blow, for he was very heavy-handed in every sense, this stalwart man with the massive hair-clad jaw, the strong, wide mouth, cruel in its set resoluteness when the features were at rest, the well-opened piercing eye under the high arched forehead, broad, square and knotted. A man this, in the tight red tunic, cast surely by nature in her special mould for a great military leader. He did not detain his generals long under the poplar trees. One of them afterwards gave me his laconic parting words:—"Your duty is to march forward, find the enemy, prevent his escape, and fight him wherever you encounter him!" And Alvensleben the pious added in his quiet tones—"In the name of God!" as the generals wheeled their horses' heads outwards, and the little council scattered.

During the siege of Metz one could not but admire how Prince Frederick Charles threw himself into the comparatively routine duties of the weary toilsome drudgery with as much relentless energy as if he had been engaged in a campaign when every second day furnished a stirring battle. Within a fortnight after the siege began, he had enclosed Metz in an environment of field-fortifications against which Bazaine might beat his head to no purpose. The moment that the capitulation was settled, he was off by forced marches towards

the Loire country, there to combat with and thwart Chanzy and Aurelles de Paladine. In the deep snow and bitter frost of that terrible winter, he marched and fought, and fought and marched again, with a ruthless energy that stimulated the reluctant admiration of the world. "If," said a distinguished neutral soldier in my hearing after the Prince's arduous success at Le Mans —"if I were called upon to define Prince Frederick Charles in two words, I should style him a 'disciplined thunderbolt.'"

I have dwelt over long, I fear, on the principal German chiefs of the Franco-German campaign; and my excuse must be that it was with the German armies I witnessed many events of that stupendous struggle. With French warriors I have had but little intercourse, and that only of a casual kind. It was the day of the formal capitulation of Metz. A vast throng of infuriated citizens and of French soldiers not yet formally surrendered, was fermenting boisterously on the Ban Saint Martin road, on the opposite side of the Moselle from the city. Suddenly an open carriage dashed down the road, scattering the crowd to right and to left. In it sat a short fat man with a heavy determined face, in the lines of which it seemed to me that there lurked some scorn. It was MARSHAL BAZAINE who, having completed the surrender of the no longer virgin fortress, and of the still formidable French army which had lain in and around that fortress, was now on his way to

Prince Frederick Charles' headquarters at Corny, *en route* for Germany as a prisoner of war. At the sight of him there rose from the crowd a wild unanimous yell of execration. "Down with the traitor!" "Curse him!" "Kill him!" were the angry cries; and infuriates dashed at the carriage and the horses' heads only to be hustled aside by the cavalry escort. Bazaine's face never changed or blenched, and he looked down upon the people who were clamouring for his blood as if they had been dirt. When again I saw Bazaine, he was undergoing his trial by court-martial for treason to France because of his surrender of Metz. He had not to all seeming a dozen friends in all France, as he stood there in the great salon of the château of the Trianon, arraigned on a capital charge before a tribunal that could scarcely dare to acquit him even if he should prove his innocence; yet he confronted fate here with the same impassive phlegm as he had faced the populace of Metz.

I never believed in the accusations of treachery hurled against him so vehemently. I hold Bazaine to have been a heavy, unenterprising, plodding, fairly honest style of man, who should indeed have held out longer than he did, but who believed that in surrendering when he did he was doing the best possible for France, for his master, for his army, and *perhaps for himself.* The court-martial formally sentenced him to death, but the sentence was commuted to degradation and imprisonment for life. After a few months' con-

finement in the fortress of the Île Ste. Marguerite he effected a not very difficult escape, and when I saw him last he was living in retirement and poverty in Madrid. I had subsequently written something in the way of a vindication of the unfortunate man, as the result of which I received from him the following letter:—

"Madrid, 2, Calle Argensola, 18th November, 1883.

"DEAR SIR,

"I feel that I must express to you my gratitude for your article on my iniquitous trial. It certainly is very late to attempt to influence public opinion, purposely prejudiced as it has been by all parties, in order to save the national vanity, as well as the several responsibilities of the Governments of the Empire and of that of the National Defence. But truth always prevails in the end, and your conscientious article should have a great effect.

"There are many things I could say, not to defend myself—my conscience as General-in-Chief has no reproaches to make to me; but to enlighten upright men and to open their eyes to their own shortcomings at that epoch. A scapegoat was searched for, who offered himself up; and the French nation, reckoned so generous, relieved itself of all responsibility by transferring it to the head of the soldier, a self-made man, who having spent forty years of his life in campaigning in the four quarters of the earth, had no personal friends among the politicians in power; and who had no supporters, once the Empire was overthrown and the Republic took its place. Again thanks, and a hearty clasp of the hand.

"MARSHAL BAZAINE.

"Mr. A. Forbes."

Twice only did I have speech with the late MARSHAL MACMAHON; once soon after the battle of Sedan, when in the village of Pourru-les-Bois, in the vicinity of that place, he was slowly recovering from the shell wound which struck him down on the morning of the battle; and again the day after the Versaillist army, as it was

called, which he commanded, had carried the ramparts of Paris and driven the Communard hordes back to fight to the death along the boulevards, in the narrower cross streets, and ultimately into the great dead-pit in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. MacMahon, in the Crimea, in Africa, and in the Italian War of 1859, had achieved a brilliant reputation before the Franco-German War brought doubt on his capacity in high and quasi-independent command. In the disastrous expedition which began amid distraction at Châlons and ended in the wholesale surrender at Sedan, he was simply obeying political, as contra-distinguished from military considerations. He went then on the forlornest of forlorn hopes. A heaven-born general might perhaps have snatched success out of the untoward conditions; but MacMahon lacked the inspiration and failed. His wound at Sedan was in a sense opportune, for it saved him from signing the capitulation; and France to this day has a sort of half-belief, which is quite unwarranted, that had he not been struck down that humiliation might have been averted. So MacMahon retained, or rather indeed increased his popularity. It was not impaired because he crushed the Commune with an iron hand, pursuing in regard to it the ruthless policy of extermination. He, the servant of an empire whose shallow foundations were laid in military glory and prestige, was scarcely in place as the President of a Republic whose motto was utilitarianism; and he lived out his long life in dignified and unambitious retire-

ment, with the respect of all who could honour an honest soldier and a well-intentioned patriot.

GENERAL TROCHU was the mock and gibe of frivolous, spiteful Paris during the latter part of the long, strange, weary, exciting months, when that capital was environed by the German hosts. Trochu and his plan —that plan of which he was ever talking and which he never was executing—have been all but forgotten long ago by swift-living Paris; and it is hardly to be expected that the rest of the world remembers of him and of it much more vividly. Yet Trochu was the notable man of surely a signally notable period. He was Governor of Paris and Commander-in-Chief of its vast garrison during the long, memorable siege. And, in spite of his quaint pragmatic ways and utterances that excited the badinage of the Parisians, he deserved infinitely better of his country than many men who have occupied high places in its temple of fame. When hurriedly despatched from Châlons to his thankless duty in Paris, he found the capital alike bewildered and defenceless. Trochu restored calm and hope; and he organised a defence so efficient that Paris held out for as many months as the Germans had expected weeks. Not only did he save the honour of Paris, but he also achieved for her the attribute of heroism. And because he was simply a plain, upright man, whose sole aspiration was just to do his duty unostentatiously and conscientiously, it is in the natural course of events that his

name has drifted almost into oblivion. If he had swaggered, struck attitudes, and perpetrated epigrams, Paris would have raised a statue in commemoration of his exploits, and would have named streets after him.

In the spring of 1861 there was living a shabby life in a dingy town in the American State of Illinois, a middle-aged man, who to all appearance had got the chance of a career and had failed to grasp it. An obscure tanner now, he had been an officer in the regular army of the United States; but he had left that profession, or rather it might perhaps be said that profession had left him. Four years later this obscure tanner of Galena had climbed to the highest pinnacle of military position and fame. He had crushed the most colossal and most stubborn rebellion of modern times. His grateful country had raised him to a military rank higher than that enjoyed by George Washington himself. Four years more and he was to fill the Presidential chair of the Great Republic. Among all the strange turns of fortune's wheel, was there ever a stranger revolution than this? Luck, or fate, or chance might have had some small share in the swift, wonderful mutation; yet no man can truly aver that ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT did not fairly earn every step of the marvellously abrupt elevation. Ungifted with the arts to court popularity, he put his foot in the ladder a friendless man—a man, indeed, under a cloud; and he carved his way to position and fame by sheer dint of

his innate attributes. And what were those? A dauntless honesty, a sturdy common sense, a perfect self-reliance, a will as strong as fate itself, a total exemption from all inconvenient emotion, an uncommon faculty of calmly mastering all the bearings of a situation in the midst of a chaos of distractions, an indomitable taciturnity, and occasional but opportune flashes of military inspiration. Grant was not a heaven-born soldier; of that rare wonder the great American Civil War produced but one example in the gifted Stonewall Jackson. Robert Lee was Grant's master in the science of strategy as in the art of tactics; but Lee lacked certain of the attributes that went to the making up of Grant's greatness. Lee had not Grant's imperturbability. Lee was a rapier, bright, keen, adroit. Grant was a Nasmyth's hammer. Lee knew when he was beaten; Grant never would own himself beaten — and it is strange what surprises of good fortune come to the man who has this resoluteness of incredulity. Think of the terrible evening of the battle of Shiloh! The Union lines had been driven back, dyeing the ground with Northern blood at every step; back, in many places back almost to the very verge of the river. From the most sanguine, hope of all save disaster had fled. Buell, arriving at sundown, wasted no words in questions as to the maintenance of the struggle; his queries were solely as to the expedients for retreat. Grant's calm response was, "I have not given up the idea of beating them to-morrow." And with the morrow he renewed

the battle; ay, and he won it; and this by sheer dint of his dogged refusal to own that he was worsted. Grant's tactics ever were simple; he began the attack, he persevered in the attack, he conquered by the attack. The grand stroke that ended the rebellion was the outcome of one of Grant's rare flashes of inspiration. Sheridan with his cavalry had been sent out with orders to cut loose from Grant's main force, and to operate independently. But the same evening the inspiration fell upon Grant; and he sent counter-orders out to Sheridan to strike the Confederate flank and rear; for that he, Grant, "felt like ending the matter this time before going back." Then Sheridan replied that "He saw his chance were he to push things." Grant's laconic reply was simply, "Push things!" And things were so pushed that ten days later the noble Lee and his gallant remnant of an army had succumbed to fate; the impassive Grant had accorded to him and his men terms of magnanimous generosity, and the Great Rebellion was at an end.

The career of the late GENERAL SHERMAN, Grant's successor in the headship of the Army of the United States, was scarcely less strange than that of his great predecessor. A graduate of West Point Military Academy, he was sent to California on military service before the discovery of gold in that great province. When the golden shower fell on the Pacific slope, Sherman left the army and took to banking in San Francisco. He was not entirely a success as a banker. Then he was

a lawyer in Leavenworth, and failed to earn a living even in this avocation. He could not thrive as a farmer, and, when Secession loomed close, he had to relinquish the position he had acquired as principal of a military academy down in the South. When at length the war-cloud burst, he was in the service of a tramway company in the city of St. Louis. In the earlier days of the war Sherman did not make much head. He dared to prophesy, and he shared the fate of most true prophets, in that he was scouted as a crazy lunatic. Ere long he was able to smile at the imputation on his sanity. He and Thomas helped Grant to win the great battle of Chattanooga. Then, when Grant was called to the Eastern theatre of war to take the supreme command of all the Union forces in the field, he left Sherman in the West to achieve renown by carving a bloody path from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and by the comparatively bloodless, but more sensational, march "from Atlanta to the sea"—from the heart of Georgia to the Atlantic at Savannah; thence northwards through the Carolinas, through the flames and over the ashes of Columbia, till at length he gave terms at Raleigh to the last Confederate army that remained in the field. When Grant was made President, Sherman succeeded him in the command-in-chief of the army, from which he was superannuated a few years before his lamented death. Grant and Sherman, the opposites of each other in character, yet were the closest friends. Grant was a silent man; Sherman was a witty and voluble man—

vivacious, excitable, and, indeed, electric. For the rest, he was a friendly, unaffected, genial person, with a quaint dash of cynical humour, and an abiding conviction, which he frequently expressed to me with great heartiness, that all war-correspondents ought to be summarily hanged, and that he, personally, would have no objections to perform the operation.

The face of the late GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN was emphatically the face of a fighting man. Nor did the face belie the character, for between May, 1861, and April, 1865, this trenchant little warrior took part in about seventy battles and combats, not to speak of minor skirmishes. In that short period, without interest, without special good fortune, he had raised himself from the rank of lieutenant to that of full major-general —he had sprung from the profoundest obscurity to the highest pinnacle of military fame. When I first made Sheridan's acquaintance he was watching from the hill-top of Frénois the battle of Sedan, attached to the headquarters staff of the Prussian King in the capacity of Military Commissioner from the United States. He steadily noted the crushing repulse of Margueritte's cuirassiers as they charged headlong to ruin down the slope of Illy; and when, closing his glass, he quietly remarked, "It is all over with the French now!" the members of King Wilhelm's staff shook him by the hand for the word, for they knew well it came from the lips of a past-master in practical warfare.

The story of Sheridan's "Ride from Winchester" has been told in burning verse, but the stern prose of it is more thrilling than any lyric can be. Suddenly called from his command to attend a council of war at Washington, he left his army camped in a strong position along Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley, twenty miles in front of Winchester. General Early, at the head of a Confederate army, was confronting it at no great distance; but no battle seemed imminent; and before his departure Sheridan had taken careful precaution to make its position safe. On his return journey from Washington he spent the night in Winchester. Riding out from that town on the following morning towards the front, he met fugitives from his beaten army. Galloping headlong forwards, pressing black "Rienzi" to his utmost speed, he rallied to him the fugitives as he met them. They were no longer beaten runaways; he inspired them with the magnetism of his own enthusiastic heroism; they fell into order as they rallied and followed their impetuous leader back at the double to the field of honour. He rode along his retrieved lines bareheaded, blazing with the ardour of battle; and then he led them to the attack like a whirlwind. The enemy, already plundering in his camp, he assailed and routed; he hurled him back across Cedar Creek; he retook all his positions, and, not content with this, he pressed the broken foe with inveterate fury, routed him, horse, foot, and artillery, and chased him for miles. It was an electrical exploit, savouring rather of the fighting of the

Middle Ages than of the methodic warfare of modern times. Homer might have sung the deed, only that it was wrought by a little man wearing a frock-coat and trousers, and using trenchant modern oaths instead of Greek polysyllables.

After the great war Sheridan made campaign after campaign against the Indians of the West and South-West, until, in course of time, he succeeded Sherman in the command-in-chief of the Army of the United States. When scarcely beyond middle age he died suddenly of heart-mischief, the malign result of his ceaseless and arduous exertions on active duty. A few days before his sudden and premature ending I spent a long evening with him in his pleasant Washington house, while he gossiped over the tumultuous war times in a low soft voice that had no note in it of the battle-field. But, as I watched the strong, earnest face while he talked, I could discern the flush rising on it and the sparkle of the eye that told of the stirring of the fighting spirit. Better soldier than Phil Sheridan never trod the earth.

Shortly before his lamented death, my father-in-law the late General Meigs, for many years Quarter-master-General of the United States Army, sent me a very interesting letter from General Sheridan to General Grant, in which he gave his estimate of the German and French troops who fought under his eye at Gravelotte, Beaumont, and Sedan:—

"In seeing these battles" (wrote Sheridan), "I have had my imagination clipped of many of the errors it had run into in its conceptions of what might be expected of the trained troops of Europe. There was about the same percentage of sneaks and runaways, and the general conditions of the battles were about the same as were our own in the war between North and South. One thing was especially noticeable—the scattered condition of the men in going into battle, and their scattered condition while engaged. At Gravelotte, Beaumont, and Sedan the men engaged on both sides were so scattered that the affair looked like thousands of men engaged in a deadly skirmish without any regard to lines of formation. These battles were of this style of fighting, commencing at long range; and it might be called progressive fighting, closing at night by the French always giving up their positions or being driven from them in this way by the Germans. The latter had their own strategy up to the Moselle, and it was good and successful. After that river was reached, the French made the strategy for the Germans, and it was more successful than their own.

"The Prussian soldiers are very good brave fellows, all young —scarcely a man over twenty-seven in the first levies. They had gone into each battle with the determination to win. It is also especially noticeable that the Prussians have attacked the French wherever they have found them, be the numbers great or small; and, so far as I have been able to see, though the grand tactics of bringing on the engagements have been good, yet the battles have been won by the good square fighting of the men and junior officers. It is true that the Prussians have been two to one, except in one of the battles before Metz (Vionville-Mars-la-Tour), the battle of 16th August; still the French have had the advantage of very strong positions. Generally speaking, the French have not fought well. This may have been because the poor fellows were discouraged by the trap into which their commander had led them; but I must confess to have seen some of the tallest running at Sedan I have ever witnessed; especially on the left of the French position all attempts to make the men stand seemed unavailing. So disgraceful was this that it caused the French cavalry to make three or four gallant but foolish charges; as it were, to show that there was at least some manhood left in a mounted French officer.

"I am disgusted. All my boyhood's fancies of the soldiers of the Great Napoleon have been dissipated, or else the soldiers of

the Little Corporal have lost their *élan* in the pampered parade-soldiers of the Man of Destiny. The Prussians will settle, I think, by making the line of the Moselle the German frontier, taking in Metz and Strasburg, and exacting an indemnity for their war-expenses. I have been most kindly received by the King and Count Bismarck, and all the officers of the headquarters of the Prussian Army. I have seen much of great interest, and especially have been able to observe the differences between European battles and those of our own country. There is nothing to be learned here professionally, and it is a satisfaction to learn that such is the case. There is much, however, that Europeans could learn from us: the use of rifle-pits, the use of cavalry, which they do not employ to advantage; and, for instance, there is a line of communication from here [Sedan] to Germany, exposed to the whole south of France, with scarcely a soldier on the whole line, and it has never been molested. There are a hundred things in which they are behind us. The staff departments are very poorly organised; the Quarter-master's Department specially wretched, etc. etc.

"Your obedient servant,

"P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant-General.

"GENERAL GRANT, Washington."

Nearly seventy years ago the late LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA went out to India a stripling, friendless cadet, with his sword for his fortune; and the good weapon served him well, although he had no opportunity of using it until he had served for nineteen years. Nor did promotion come to him very promptly, for he was only a colonel thirty-five years after receiving his first commission as second lieutenant in the Bengal Engineers. But once he drew his sword on the afternoon of Moodkee, the scabbard knew it thenceforth only occasionally. He fought all through the Sutlej campaign at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon; in the Punjaub war he was wounded—he was always being wounded—at the siege

of Mooltan; and he was in the thick of the fighting at the decisive battle of Goojerat. He rode and fought with Havelock and Outram on that heroic enterprise, the first relief of Lucknow. The rebel Sepoys might well execrate his name, for his skill as an engineer opened for stout old Colin Campbell his conquering way into the heart of the great stronghold of the Kaiserbagh. He commanded with skill and vigour a brigade under Sir Hugh Rose in that chief's swift, ruthless campaign in Central India. He was Sir Hope Grant's second in command in the expedition to China in 1859, and was hit five times at the storming of the Taku forts. Then, eight years later, his great opportunity came to him as the organiser and commander of the Abyssinian expedition. As regarded mere fighting, that was not a very stupendous affair; but it was perhaps the neatest and cleanest piece of military work Britain had accomplished since the days of the Peninsular War; and the chief credit of it belonged to the sagacious and painstaking leader who left nothing to chance, and who was strong enough to have his own way in everything. It was in Abyssinia that Napier earned his peerage; and he had acquired so good a repute for steadfast careful soldierhood, that when in 1878 war between England and Russia seemed inevitable, he was named for the command of the British army whose services fortunately were not actively required. Lord Napier was in chief command of the great peace manœuvres on the plains near Delhi, at

which the Prince of Wales was present in the course of his Indian tour. On the first day of the operations I saw his collar-bone broken by his charger falling under him; but the staunch old warrior was up and in the saddle again immediately, kept it throughout the day, and for the week during which the sham campaign lasted, never went sick an hour; but wore his uniform and rode his horse with no trace of the accident save that his arm was in a sling. They somehow don't make men nowadays like modest, sterling, genial old Lord Napier of Magdala!

In a work called "The Soldier's Pocket-Book," which, although now somewhat obsolete, is still deservedly highly appreciated in the British Army, the author genially refers to the profession of which I have had the honour to be a humble member, as "the curse of modern armies—I mean war-correspondents"; and again he writes: "Travelling gentlemen, newspaper correspondents, and all that race of drones, are an encumbrance to an army; they eat the rations of fighting men, and they do no work at all." This is not the place to discuss the question whether the harm which the war-correspondent may do, is counter-balanced or not by the useful ends which his presence with an army in the field equally unquestionably may subserve. I am not sure that the point is one upon which I have quite succeeded in making up my own mind. But, at all events, my mind is fully made up as regards this, that

there is some inconsistency in writing slightingly and opprobriously of a profession, and at the same time in making assiduous endeavour to be well-spoken of by that profession. Fortunately war-correspondents are for the most part men who bear no malice, and who are too catholic in their readiness to recognise merit where it exists to allow any personal feeling to rankle in their bosoms. Further, they are philosophers, and when they find a man who has abused them vehemently in print, nevertheless sedulously anxious to have them with him, and to afford them every opportunity to recognise and promulgate his merits, why, they smile good-humouredly, and are quite content to allow the hatchet to lie buried.

The author of "The Soldier's Pocket-Book," I proceed to observe, is FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY. Lord Wolseley is a man of whom it has been the habit on the part of those who do not like him to say that he has had exceptionally good luck. Well, he has had some good luck; and on the other hand he has had not a little bad luck. But for the latter, he might have had the supreme command of the latest operations in Afghanistan, or might have conducted the Zulu campaign instead of merely cleaning up after Lord Chelmsford. But what good luck has befallen him—the charge of the Red River expedition, the conduct of the Ashantee expedition, and the leadership of the Egyptian campaign (I say nothing of his Transvaal experience nor of the Nile expedition)—he has proved himself thoroughly worthy of. Success in all those affairs demanded fertility

of resource, strength of purpose, self-reliance, and administrative skill. All those attributes belong to Lord Wolseley, and it was in virtue of them that he achieved success. For example, from the landing of the Ashantee expedition on the pestilential shore of the Gold Coast till the day he led his troops back victorious from Coomassie, Wolseley was the heart and soul of the enterprise, its moving and master spirit, its strong backbone. He never faltered or lost his head when repeated hindrances threatened to baulk him; harassed by a depressing and almost deadly climate, his buoyant courage never deserted him.

It has been said of Lord Wolseley by his detractors that he is self-reliant to a fault, but it is to be observed that those who thoroughly believe in themselves have a strong tendency to make others believe in them also; and Lord Wolseley's frank self-reliance and self-confidence have ever reacted favourably on all around him. He is an almost ruthlessly practical man; he has risen superior to pipeclay, and has dared to despise red-tape. Very much of Lord Wolseley's success has been due to his faculty of intuitive discernment of character. With this skill in selection for his guide he gathered around him a band of devoted adherents, in each one of whom he recognised some special and particular attribute of which when the occasion occurred he made astute and purposeful use. The "Wolseley Gang," as I have heard this following called by angry outsiders, were not by

any means one and all men of exceptional general military capacity. Some of them, indeed, might have been called dull men. But never a one of them but had his speciality. You might wonder what Lord Wolseley saw in this man and that that he had them always with him. If you watched events long enough, time would furnish you with the answer and justify the Chief's insight into individual character. His coterie of adherents he was ever on the alert to recruit without regard, for the most part, to interest or position, and acting simply on his perception of character. And he has constantly and exclusively employed his own men, arguing with great force and good reason, that what may be set him to do he can accomplish more efficiently and smoothly with instruments whom he has proven, and between whom and himself there is a mutual familiarity of methods, rather than with new and unaccustomed men, of whom, however good, he has had no experience. It remains to be proved—it may probably never be proved—whether Lord Wolseley has the capacity for successfully conducting war on the grand scale, with skilled experienced commanders and trained civilised troops for his antagonists. His record, say his detractors, scarcely warrants the repute in which we, his countrymen, hold him. Be this as it may, his record is a record of almost unvarying success. He has been set to do almost nothing that he has not done, neatly, cleanly, adroitly, and without apparent strain. It seems

no unfair deduction from that past to which he has been so often equal, that Lord Wolseley is likely to prove equal to any future that may come to him.

It happened to me to be engaged in journalistic duty in Tirhoot, a vast district of northern Bengal, during a famine which was ravaging that region in the winter of 1873—74. It soon became apparent to me that the relief operations were being skilfully conducted by a functionary who must be drawing on his military experiences; and presently I had the honour of being introduced to a brisk, dapper little man, whom I soon learned to admire as Colonel Frederick Roberts, then Deputy-Quartermaster-General of our Indian army; and who is now FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, at home here among us after long and brilliant service as Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's forces in India. Roberts —he was then, and probably still is, familiarly known all over India as "Bobs"—had seen no small amount of fighting before I had the good fortune to meet him. He had distinguished himself greatly in the siege of Delhi; he had won the Victoria Cross by a feat of brilliant gallantry later in the mutiny; and he had done fine service all through that bloody, tumultuous time. He had been with Chamberlain in the heart of the hard fighting in the Umbeyla campaign, and won his C.B. in the Lushai expedition; and he had so distinguished himself under Napier in Abyssinia that that chief had sent him home with the despatches announcing his

crowning success. Still there was something of a growl among the sticklers for seniority when Roberts, at the outbreak of the Afghan War in the beginning of the winter of 1878, got the independent command of one of the columns of invasion; for, although as quarter-master-general he held the local and temporary rank of major-general, his substantive rank was simply that of major in the Bengal Artillery. But Roberts soon proved himself abundantly equal to the occasion. His capture of the Afghan position on the Peiwar Kotal was as brilliant in execution as skilful and daring in conception. And after the gallant Cavagnari was treacherously slain in Cabul, Roberts's avenging march on that capital was prompt, dashing, and successful.

The nation at large, and India in particular, had already grown proud of Roberts as not less a fine commander than a valiant soldier, when the chance came to him to make for himself a world-wide reputation. It was a moment of imminent peril and intense anxiety. An Anglo-Indian army had been defeated and crushed at Maïwand, a few marches west of Candahar. The safety of that place, the capital of southern Afghanistan, was in grave hazard; the British prestige and supremacy all over Afghanistan were trembling in the balance. Stewart and Roberts at Cabul, three hundred miles from Maïwand and Candahar, realised that it was only from Cabul that the blow of relief and retribution could be struck. So Roberts started on that long, swift, perilous march, the suspense as to the issue of which

grew and swelled until the strain became intense. For the days passed, and there came no news of Roberts and of the 10,000 men with whom the wise, daring little chief had cut loose from any base, and struck for his goal through a region teeming with enemies. The pessimists held him to be marching on ruin. The Afghans, said they, inspired by their success at Maïwand and strengthened by hordes of hill-men, would dog every step he took and finally mob him in the open. If not to the sword, surely he would fall a prey to famine, for Candahar was thirty marshes distant from Cabul not counting rest-days, and Roberts had marched out with supplies that would last him barely a week. But Roberts knew the country, knew himself, knew the gallant men whom he commanded, and knew the enemy he might have to confront. He marched light; he lived on what the country supplied; he gave his enemies no time to concentrate against him. And lo! two days in advance of the time he had set himself he had relieved Candahar, he had shattered into wreck the Afghan army which had been threatening it, and had made his name famous among the nations.

There must be few Britons who are not familiar with SIR EVELYN WOOD'S achievements; how, for instance, at Kambula he held his own with a handful against many thousands of brave Zulu warriors. A singular combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re,* Wood's soldiers have ever loved and respected him with

an almost unique personal fidelity. Of a compact and nervous build, a man somewhat under the middle size, his body is seamed with wounds; yet he can endure fatigue and privation with the toughest. There is command in the clear blue eye; the sweetness of his smile goes to your heart, and stays there. A man of singular modesty, it is not from himself that one can hear a word of Wood's conduct under fire. But when I first visited his camp in Zululand, some of his soldiers took me up on to the bare ridge of Kambula, where, out in the open, up against the sky-line, he stood directing the fighting, while the Zulu attacks surged in front and on flanks, and while a storm of bullets whistled about him. Wood has been a fighting-man from his boyhood. He received his first wound when a midshipman in a battery in front of Sevastopol. Then he went into cavalry; and in the Mutiny time he won the Victoria Cross in command of a corps of wild irregular horsemen which he had himself recruited. He fought in China, and a little campaign all to himself in Africa with Lord Wolseley. As poor Colley's successor on the border of the Transvaal, he proved himself as wise in council as he had shown himself valiant in war. A many-sided man, he found time in an interval of peace to become a barrister; he was the most purposeful, the most thorough, and the most unresting divisional commander that Aldershot has ever known; he is habitually at the War Office from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; he is in the first flight in the hunting field; and he has published a

volume of Crimean reminiscences which is more enthralling than any fiction. A veteran of many wars, Evelyn Wood, now serving as Quartermaster-General, is among the foremost military figures of our nation.

A yet more notable commander than Sir Evelyn Wood is his friend and comrade, SIR REDVERS BULLER. Like Wood, Buller was one of Lord Wolseley's men. He took service first under that able leader in the Red River expedition, was with him in Ashantee, served under him throughout the Zulu War, served with him in the Egyptian campaign, and was his chief-of-staff in the Nile expedition. When I first visited Wood's camp in Zululand, I found Buller there in command of some 800 volunteer irregular horsemen—or perhaps rather mounted infantry; a strange, wild, heterogeneous band, whom Buller held in sternest discipline, and made do wonders in fighting and marching, by sheer force of character. A stern-tempered, ruthless, saturnine man, with the gift of grim silence not less than a gift of curt, forcible expression on occasion, Buller ruled those desperadoes with a rod of iron. Yet, while they feared him, they had a sort of dog-like love for him. Buller's advancement has been exceptionally rapid; but almost every step of rank he gained in face of the enemy, just as he won the Victoria Cross by a sequence of deeds of all but unique heroism. Routine men grumbled that Wolseley should have sent him out to the eastern Soudan to command a brigade in Sir Gerald Graham's first

short expedition. Amply did Buller vindicate the choice. It is not too much to aver that by his cool, skilful handling of his brigade in the crisis of the fight of Tamai he averted a disaster that but for his conduct was inevitable, retrieved the all but desperate situation, and buttressed the tottering fortunes of the British arms. Again, later, on the Nile, it was he who with characteristic abruptness snatched the dishevelled remnant of the column which he found at Gubat out of the very jaws of imminent peril, and reconducted it, with a cool promptitude that was all his own, back into a region of comparative safety. He shares with the Duke of Devonshire the by no means unserviceable attribute of "you-be-damned-ness." I have watched Redvers Buller's career with the closest attention and the profoundest admiration. I regard him as the strongest soldier of the British army to-day; and if he remains in the service and there be hot work again in our time, I predict for Buller a great fighting career.

It is not possible for me to write without emotion of poor SIR HERBERT STEWART, for we two had been close friends ever since we lived together in the same tent on the Zululand veldt. That was in 1879; Stewart was then a simple cavalry captain with little expectation of speedy or rapid promotion. Before the life had gone out of him by the wells of Jakdul, he knew that the Queen had promoted a colonel of scarce two years' standing to the rank of major-general for distinguished service in

the field. But the honour came, alas! to a man who in performing that service had got his death hurt; and we had lost, at the premature age of forty-one a soldier who if he had been spared would have covered himself with yet more glory. I count among my treasured souvenirs the last letter I received from him, just before he marched from Dongola to Korti. It thus concludes: —"If with 1,500 as good soldiers as ever breathed I cannot do something creditable to them and to me should the chance offer, then, old friend, I give you full permission to invest in the heaviest procurable pair of boots to kick me wherewithal when I return to England."

Stewart had been a staunch Wolseleyite ever since the Transvaal; and another of Lord Wolseley's adherents was SIR GEORGE COLLEY, who met a soldier's death on the Majuba Hill on the 27th February, 1881. Colley was an officer of wide experience and great ability. I knew him well, and because of what I had seen of him I should have named caution as one of his principal attributes. But had this been so he probably would have been alive now. Indeed, had he cared greatly to live, I do not think he need have died. Some day, perhaps, the true story of that strange futile campaign in which Colley met his fate may come to be written.

Not less than the Hohenzollerns of Prussia, are the Romanoffs, the Imperial family of Russia, a fighting

race. Of that family, besides its then existing head, the Emperor Alexander II., no fewer than twelve members took part in the Russo-Turkish War, occupying positions from Commander-in-Chief to Captain on the Staff. The GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, a younger brother of Alexander II., had the command-in-chief of the Russian forces in Europe. Nicholas was a fine soldierly chief, but not a great general. He was the heartiest and bluntest of soldier-men when in a good humour; when in the opposite temper he exemplified graphically the adage—"Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar." He had his settled likes and dislikes; I suppose that I ranked among the former, for "Monseigneur" was always civil enough to me, and occasionally curiously frank. When I rode into the Imperial headquarters at Gorni Studen with the earliest tidings of the desperate struggle in the Schipka Pass, the Emperor sent me across the valley to his brother the Grand Duke to repeat to the latter the intelligence which I had brought to him. The Grand Duke asked me what I thought of the situation I had left behind me on the Schipka. I replied that in my humble opinion the safety of that important position could not be assured, unless a whole army-corps were permanently allotted for its defence. "An army-corps!" cried the Grand Duke, as he tossed down a glass of wine—"Good God, what is the use of talking of an army-corps when I don't know where to find a spare battalion!" Nicholas was recklessly outspoken; but he

was a strong man who would enforce the line of action he regarded as most advantageous. It was he who, backed only by Skobeleff and Gourko, insisted on the winter crossing of the Balkans after the fall of Plevna, and so converted a virtual failure into a remarkable triumph. Nicholas would have gone further if he had got his own way; he would have occupied Constantinople, and the occupation of Constantinople must have brought about war between England and Russia. But the Grand Duke loyally obeyed the injunctions of the Tzar that he should refrain from this extremity; and so, but by a hair's-breadth, was averted a conflict so much to be deplored. After the war the Grand Duke Nicholas fell into disgrace on account of his peculations. So discreditable a discovery was not to be allowed official promulgation. The inquiry was quashed, the court engaged in the investigations was dissolved, and the Grand Duke was ordered to retire to his estates in the country, where for the most part he lived in seclusion until his death.

When Russia was at her wits' end how to reduce the Plevna fortifications, so sublimely defended by Osman Pasha and his gallant, stubborn Turks, she fell back on an old soldier who had served her right well in a long-gone-by campaign. It was GENERAL TODLEBEN'S skilful and energetic exertions in the defence of Sevastopol that had kept English and French soldiers for so many long weary months toiling, fighting, and dying in front

of that fortress. He had been summoned to the seat of war in Bulgaria in the autumn of 1877, so hurriedly that he arrived in Bucharest with a single aide-de-camp, and was destitute of any provision for taking the field. Bucharest had been so depleted of horseflesh that he found himself unable to obtain even a single charger up to his weight. I happened to be in Bucharest for a few hours during Todleben's short stay there, and I was the possessor of a powerful grey stallion which was a very disagreeable mount and took a great deal of riding. He was bucking, rearing, and generally "playing up" along the Podo-Mogosoi, when General Todleben hailed me and asked me whether I would sell the horse. I ventured to observe that he was rather a handful for me, and certainly scarcely an elderly gentleman's horse; but Todleben insisted on trying him, and to my surprise and, I confess, relief, an hour later he rode the big grey into the courtyard of Brofft's Hotel, on excellent terms with the animal. The circumstance that the general was some four stone heavier than I, no doubt weighed with the grey. He promptly changed hands, and General Todleben did me the honour to desire that I should dine with him the same evening. It passed only too quickly, for the general's conversation was full of varied interest, and I could have listened to him for a week on end. He asked with great solicitude after Mr.—now Sir—William Howard Russell of the *Times*, with whom of old, he said, he had had sundry controversies which he was sure did not at all interfere

with their mutual friendly relations. Next morning Todleben started for Plevna on the big grey, which traversed Bucharest mostly on his hind legs. Todleben was a singularly handsome and stalwart man, exceptionally young-looking for his years. In Sevastopol he had to resist a siege; now, before Plevna, he had the converse duty of conducting a siege. He promptly seized and recognised the situation, adopting the policy of refraining from all further offensive, and of that slow, sure, scientific starvation which was inevitably successful in the end.

SKOBELEFF, take him all in all, was the most remarkable man I have ever known. We lived in considerable intimacy during the earlier days of the Russo-Turkish campaign, and in my haste I set Skobeleff down as a genial, brilliant, dashing—lunatic. Presently I came to realise that there was abundant method of a sort in the superficially seeming madness; and I ended in holding, as I still hold, that Skobeleff came nearer being the heaven-born soldier and inspired leader of men than any chief of whom I have had personal cognisance. I have seen him do many things which, on the face of them, looked mad enough and to spare. I have seen him swim the brimming Danube on horseback with his handful of personal escort at his back. I have seen him go into half a dozen actions wearing a white coat and riding a white charger. I have seen him, apparently quite wantonly and needlessly, stand alone for an hour at a time

under a heavy fire. All this looks like a species of madness; but it was simply intense, if reckless, devotion to a purpose—that purpose being to gain prestige, to instil his soldiers with confidence to follow wherever he should lead, to inspire them with daring by the force of his own example. I remember Skobeleff on the morning of the crossing of the Danube. General Dragomiroff, who commanded, had never been under fire before, and was not sure whether it would be wise to land in the face of the Turkish force which was firing on us from the bank and slopes above. He asked advice of Skobeleff. "Attack without delay and let me lead!" was that officer's curt reply; and away he went up the steep slope at the head of a torrent of men. In the July attempt on Plevna, Skobeleff forced his way with the handful of soldiers which he commanded right up to the environs of the town; and when Schahoffskoy was crushed, his skilful diversion saved that general from utter annihilation. It was his audacious but skilful bravery that drove the Turks out of Loftcha, and gave to the Russians that important place of arms. In the September assaults on Plevna he commanded the extreme left wing of the Russian army, when he made that series of desperate onsets which has gone into history as the hardest fighting of modern times. In obeying his orders and trying to accomplish all but impossibilities, he lost nearly one-half of his command and made good a name for all but fabulous bravery. The soldiers said of him that they would rather fight

and die under Skobeleff than fight and live under another general. There is nothing in war-correspondence more luridly vivid than poor MacGahan's description of Skobeleff as he returned from that two days' deadly paroxysm of strife, foiled of success because denied reinforcements:—"He was in a fearful state of excitement and fury. His uniform was covered with mud and blood; his sword broken, his Cross of St. George twisted round on his shoulder. His face was black with powder and smoke; his eyes were haggard and bloodshot, and his voice was quite gone. He spoke in a hoarse whisper. I never saw such a picture of battle as he presented."

From first to last of the Russo-Turkish War Skobeleff was its most shining figure. His bravery and his personal recklessness were not more conspicuous than the assiduous care which he bestowed on his men, in marked contrast to the conduct of other commanders in this respect. Skobeleff had a very comic father, an old gentleman of the now obsolete school of officers, who commanded a combined division of mounted Cossacks. When riding to the telegraph wire after the passage of the Danube, I met Skobeleff senior at the head of his division, jogging on towards Simnitza. I was able to tell him of the safety and conspicuous valour of his son. He deliberately dismounted, kissed me on both cheeks, hugged me vehemently, excoriating the back of my neck with a huge diamond he wore on his thumb, wept aloud, and finally blew his nose copi-

ously on my moustache. He and his son were always having droll quarrels about financial affairs. The old gentleman was rather a miser; Skobeleff junior was a reckless spendthrift. So long as the father ranked his son, the latter had to take what the father chose to give him. But by-and-by young Skobeleff became a lieutenant-general while his father remained a major-general; and then the old man was at the mercy of his son, who compelled him to furnish him with money, with half-comic, half-serious threats of putting his parent under arrest unless he opened his purse. Once the son actually did put his father under arrest, on the pretext that the old gentleman had the impertinence to report himself in undress instead of full uniform; and he held his parent in that ignominious condition until, with tears and sobs, Skobeleff senior produced an adequate amount of rouble notes. But there was no real ill-will between the father and the son; the father had a great simple pride in his heroic son, and the son loved his father very dearly.

Skobeleff, at the premature age of thirty-six, died a wretched death, the incidents of which cannot be told. Had he lived, and been wise, there was no future to which he would not have been equal.

General Gourko, though not so striking a military figure as Skobeleff, attained a well-deserved reputation in the Russo-Turkish War. He it was who, immediately after the crossing of the Danube, headed an adventur-

ous raid across the Balkans into Roumelia, which, had the Russians been in position promptly to support him, would probably soon have ended the business. After the fall of Plevna he led 80,000 men across the Balkans a second time, in weather so cruel that he actually lost many more men from frost than by the bullet. It was a stupendous march, and in accomplishing it he achieved what the world had believed impossible. Gourko fought as stoutly as he marched swiftly, and he displayed great tactical skill in the disposition of his forces. Personally, in war time he was a cold, stiff, saturnine man who regarded his men as mere machines, and who failed, therefore, to inspire them with any personal warmth of feeling towards him, although they thoroughly believed in him as a commander.

I had some experience in the Servian war of 1876 how hard a fighter was OSMAN PASHA, the heroic defender of Plevna, a year before his name had reached to the ends of the earth as the man who for five long months defied from behind his earthworks the whole strength of the Muscovite empire. Strangely enough that position of his at Plevna was all chance—a mere fluke. In the earlier days of July he had left the up-stream fortress of Widdin with some 15,000 men, on the mission of succouring Nicopolis, a Turkish fortress threatened by the Russians. He learned that Nicopolis was already taken by the enemy; so he bent inwards to Plevna and

proceeded to entrench himself there. With the intuitive eye of a fine soldier, he discerned how the Plevna position loomed on the flank of the Russian main line of advance towards the Balkans, and how important it was to hold on to it with tooth and nail. A Russian force attacked him before he had begun his spade work. That force he summarily smashed and went on building earthworks. On the last day of July Schahoffskoy and Krüdener struck at him again with all their might, only to be driven back with the loss of more than a third of their strength. Still he went on digging and building earthworks. In September the Russians attempted the enterprise yet once again, this time more systematically and in immensely greater force. They rained on him a storm of missiles from their great siege guns for five long days and nights. Osman, under cover of his earthworks, took no more heed of the shell-fire than if it had been a display of fireworks. On the sixth day they assailed his positions furiously with 80,000 men. Osman was ready for them; he slew them in thousands and tens of thousands, and sent them reeling back upon their supports. Then the Russians realised that they had endured enough of fighting with this masterful indomitable Turk and his stubborn army of 45,000 men. So they set themselves systematically to starve him into surrender, suspending meanwhile all other operations. Not till three months later, when hunger and sickness were eating out the hearts of his gallant soldiers, did Osman relinquish his hold of the positions which he